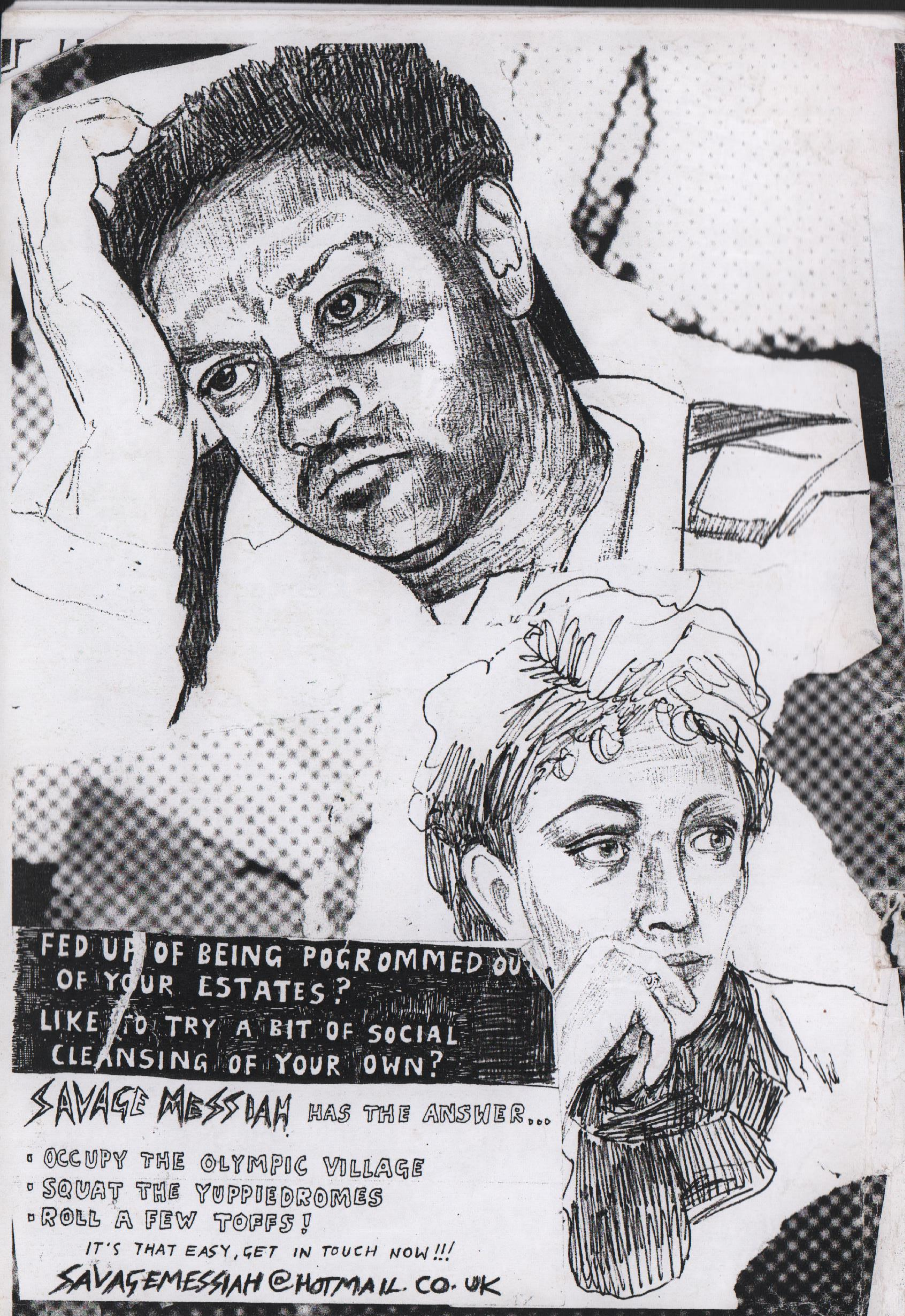


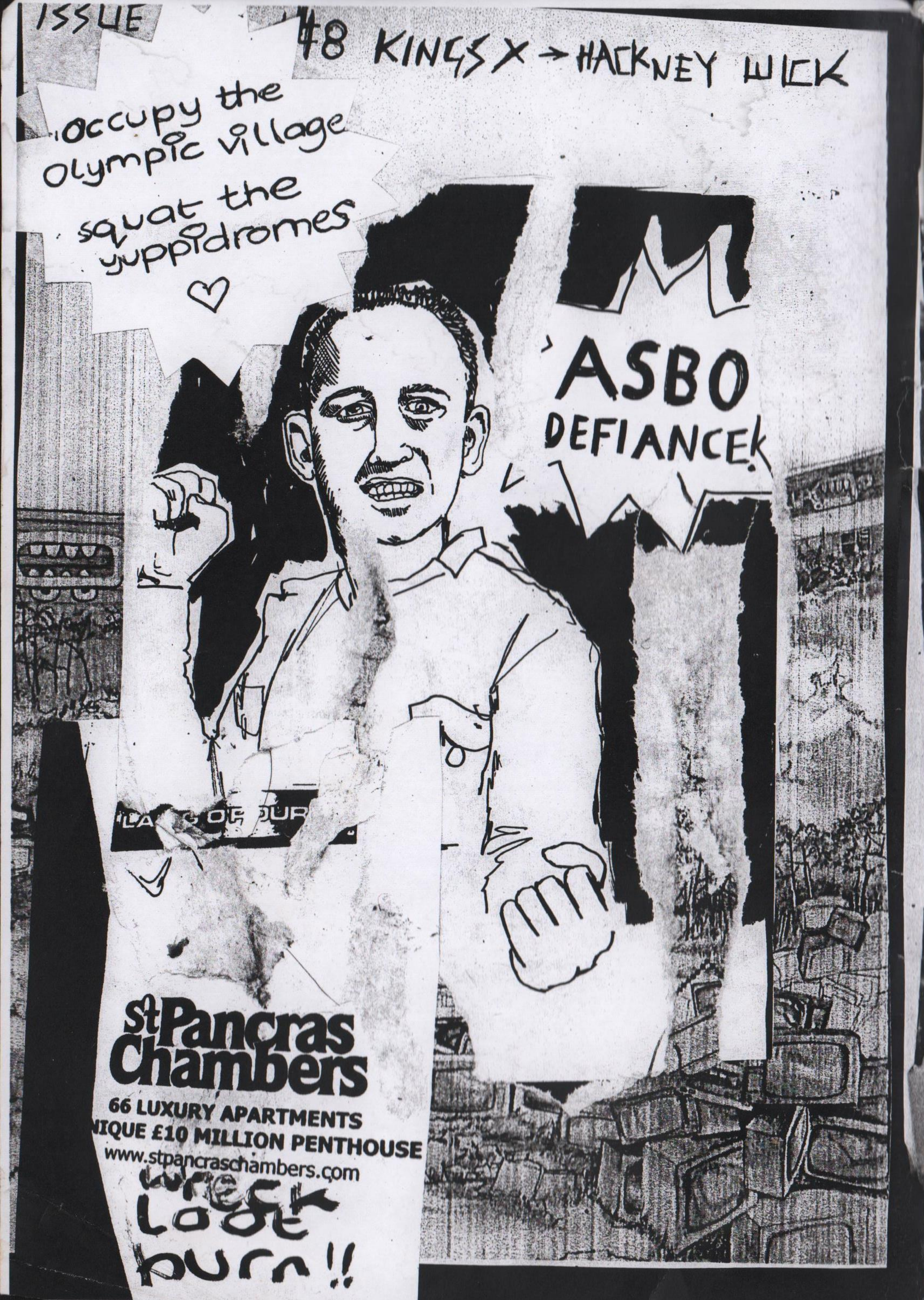
SAVAGE MESSIAH

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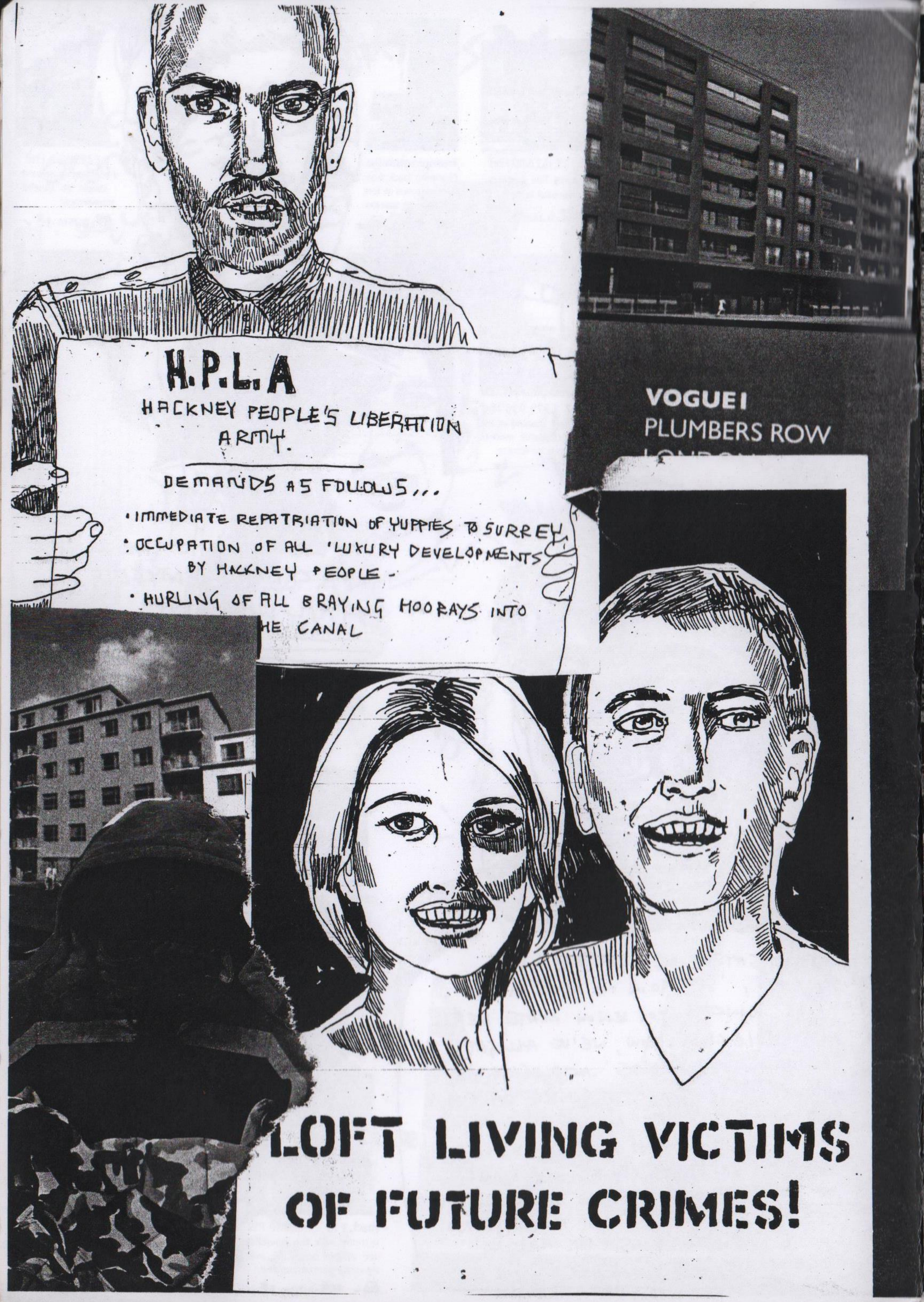
LAURA OLDFIELD FORD

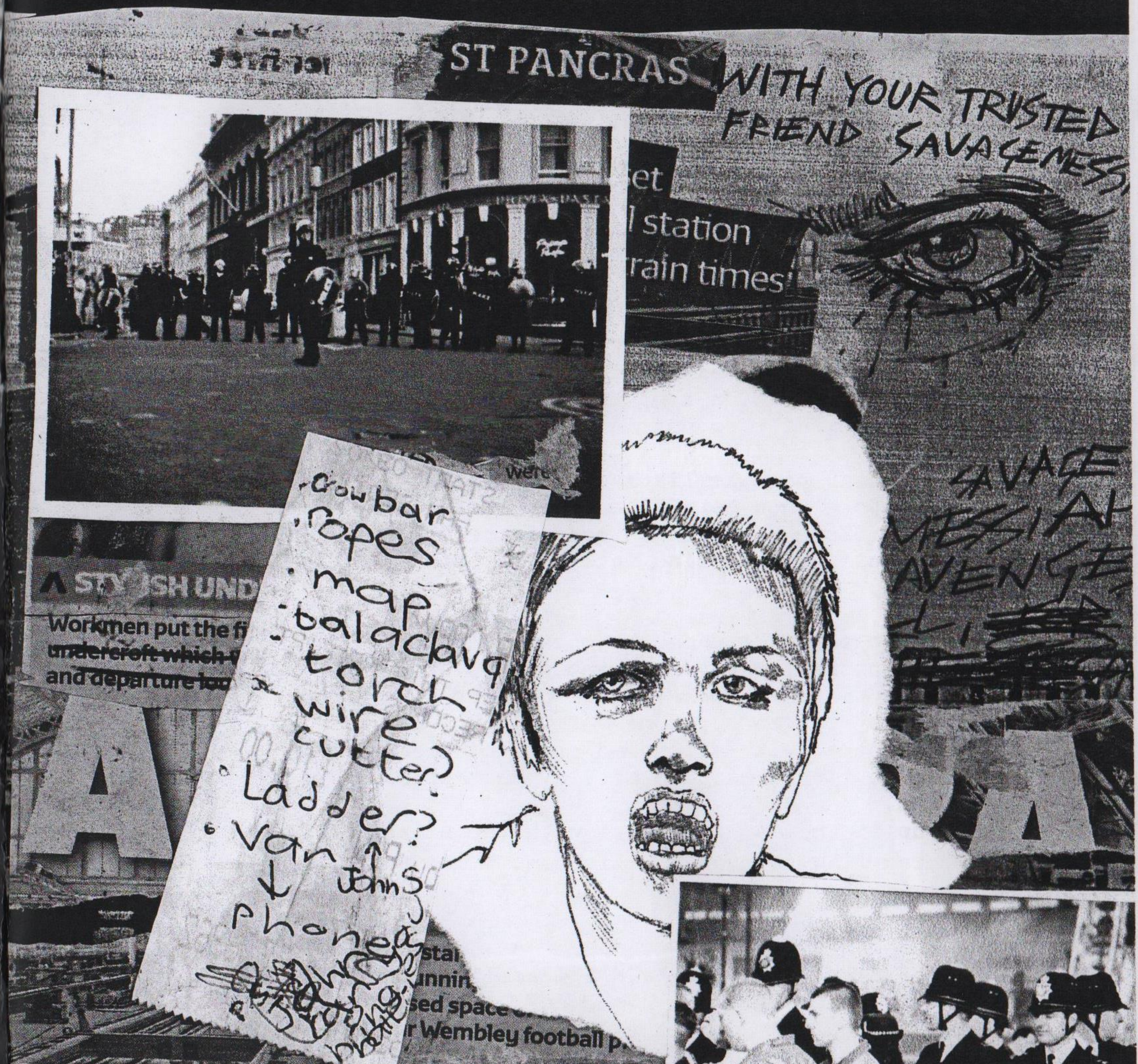


KINGS CROSS TO HACKNEY WICK.

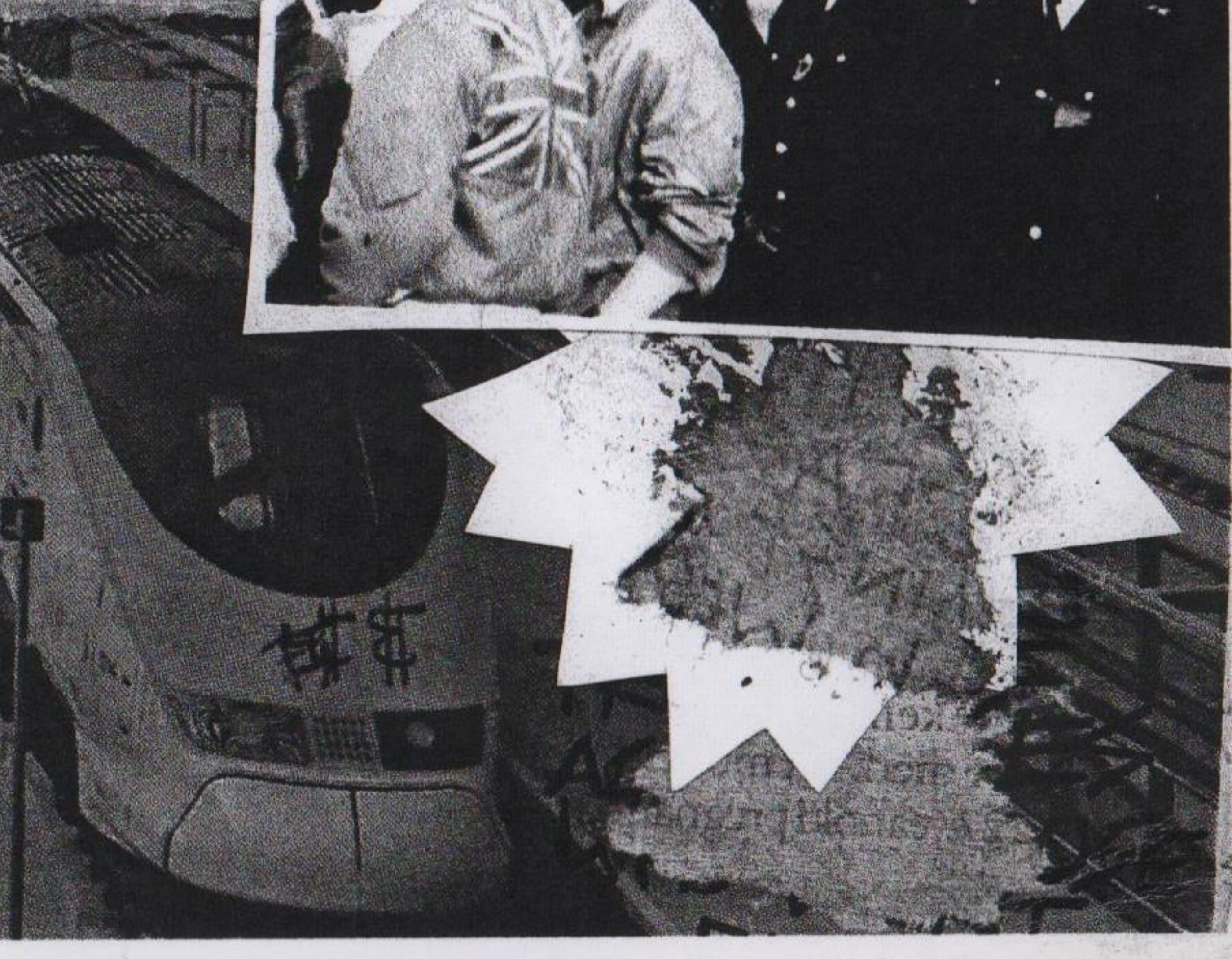

ISSUE
#8 KINGS X → HACKNEY WICK
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DEBBIE
I'VE LOOKED INTO THE FUTURE
AND I CAN'T FIND MYSELF
ANYWHERE.
SO HE SAYS TO ME, GET THIS RIGHT, HE SAYS, 'STOP GOIN ON ABOUT MIDDLE CLASS WANKERS, YOU KNOW MATE WE'RE ALL MIDDLE CLASS NOW, WE'VE ALL GOT BLOOD ON OUR HANDS' AND I SAY, YOU WHAT PAL? YOU THINK I'M GONNA TAKE THIS SHIT IN MY OWN GAFF? AND HE SAYS, 'YOUR GAFF?' ALL SNEERING LIKE SO I SAYS 'YEAH MY GAFF, ITS MY FUCKING NAME ON THE RENT BOOK' SO HE SAYS 'RENT BOOK, HOW QUAINT' AND I AINT GOT NO CHOICE THEN TO SMASH HIS FUCKING FACE IN, CHEEKY LITTLE CUNT.
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IN THE WORST NIGHT OF RIOTING LONDON HAS SEEN SINCE THE POLL TAX, HOODLUMS LOOTED AND BURNT THE BRAND NEW EURO STAR TERMINAL AT ST PANCRAS. RIOTERS WERE WITNESSED HURLING THEMSELVES THROUGH WINDOWS AND RANSACKING SHOPS ONLY TO SMASH, BURN AND DESTROY THEM. A spokesman for Eurostar said he'd never seen wanton vandalism on such a scale but assured customers that services would resume normally as swiftly as possible. "We won't be sidetracked by a few mindless thugs". The rioters had left chilling messages in spray paint across the gleaming terminal building and promised to return. The metropolitan police failed to catch the rioters as they disappeared into the network of service tunnels and escaped through ventilation shafts, " The horses couldn't follow them there."



The Disclosure Cult..

"Writing has nothing to do with signifying. It has to do with surveying, mapping, even realms that are yet to come." Deleuze and Guattari A thousand plateaus.

So then I had to sign on everyday in this open plan office that looked like a Starbucks. That was the punishment, the compulsory visit to a building droning with resentment, a perpetual low buzz. They'd tried to erase it when they ripped out the strip lights and metal grilles, but there it was, dyed in the fabric, no one wanted to be there, didn't matter how many plastic plants and coffee machines they put in.

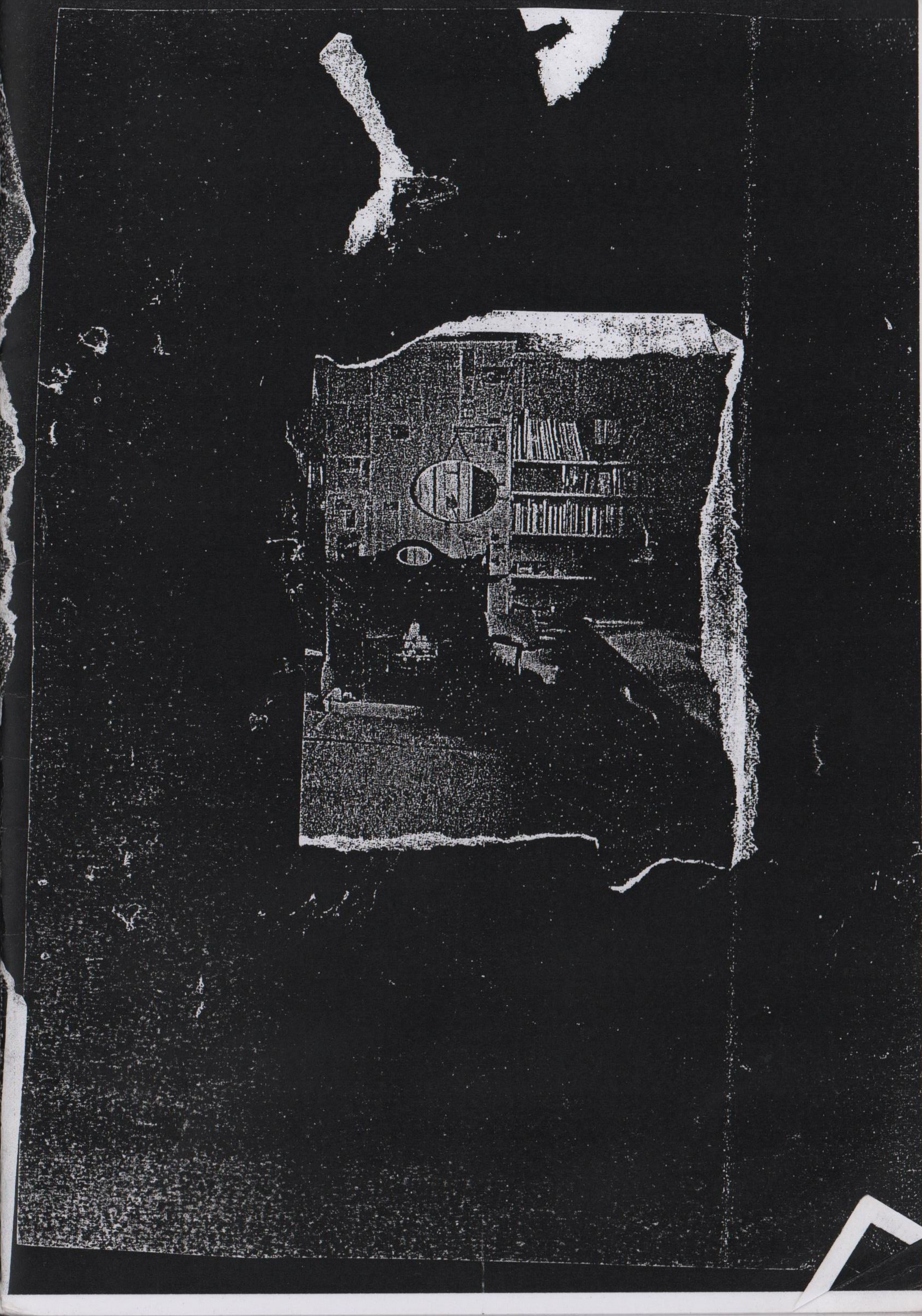
I was pretending to make lists of job vacancies at Stansted Airport when he crashed into my line of vision, this massive bloke strutting around propriortorially in a pin stripe suit, eyes boring into me with this horrible leering grin.

It was around the time when the pound shops were just gearing up for Halloween with window displays of garish tat, glow in the dark eyeballs and plastic pumpkins. I went into 99p Plus to buy some fairy lights for a quid when I remembered with a renewed sense of dismay that you needed a nice little gaff to display daft trinkets and decorations.

I ended up in the caf next door with the strains of Genesis crackling through the kitchen. Help me please cos I know I'm gonna be
On my own again, alone again tonight

I hated the flat, it still held the smells of the last nightmare scenario when Jim had gone beserk and barricaded the place up. The floor was criss crossed with smears of blood. He'd gone, eventually, but the place was wrecked, and what good would it to do now to redecorate, we were all out in two weeks.
Every morning I got up and walked the streets.

I was stirring the heap of Nescafe into the frothy milk when the text came. I paused, a number I didn't recognise,
Hi it's mark, the tall skinhead from Reids employment, you are gorgeous, fancy a drink?
Eh, how did he know my number? But then, yeah of course, he knew everything about me, the dirty bastard was





sitting at his desk spying into my file, he must know where I lived, my full name, date of birth the lot, yeah he'd pried right in. I stared at the phone a while and left it.

I walked back along the canal. The towpath was glittering from an early frost and I felt invigorated. I climbed the twisting staircase of the Dorset to see if Kay was in. I hadn't seen her since all that shit finally went off with Jim, not that I really wanted to talk about that, it was more of an effort to rekindle the old times, the times before I got stuck in sordid isolation. I loved all that, going down the boozer half pissed already, maybe the Birdcage, half trashed and falling, singing some old songs.
Kay looked rough when she answered the door but smiled enough to make a welcome. She gestured to the bedroom door and pushed me into the lounge.
I sat awkwardly while the voices dipped and rose next door and wished I hadn't come round. I let myself out onto the balcony and cast my eyes over the giant building site that London had become, I could dream then, searching the towers and bridges, the arches and narrow lanes. The scaffolding labyrinths spanned out across the horizon, he had to be in there somewhere, my true ally, my partner in crime.
Then the door banged and Kay was out on the balcony with me sparking up a B and H laughing her head off in a pink fluffy dressing gown. Oh my god, thank god you turned up, I thought he was never gonna go, and we went back into the lounge with all Kays trinkets, an ad hoc mixture of new age pound shop and 70's punk boutique. Let me get some slap on and we'll go and have a drink yeah, it's been ages.

Things were quiet in the Vic, Tuesday afternoon not much doing, Kelvin and some of his boys were hanging about in the other bar watching horse racing on a big screen.

Then the phone bleeped and I got a jolt when I saw it was him again, the bloke from the dole course,
Hey gorgeous, don't be scared.
I was a bit pissed now and grabbed Kay, Look at this, some perv down the dole office, wants me to meet him, been sending me these mental texts. Kay was quizzing me about him, what's he like, why don't you meet him, might be a laugh, might be funny, get him down here, Don't be daft I said but didn't put it straight from my mind.
And the pints kept coming and the chasers kept coming, Countdown was on the big screen now and Kelv and the lads

kept coming round and being daft and grabbing Kay and trying to make her dance to Justin Timberlake, fucking hammered me, fucking giro day Kelv says, what's your fucking excuse?
And as Kay swayed round the room I couldn't help but look at my phone again, and there it was, another fucking message. Oh my god, I gesticulated at Kay holding the phone up but she was too busy getting squeezed tight up to Kelv's fat gut as he dragged her round the room, daft fucking galoot.
Don't be shy gorgeous, we both know you'd love it.
I felt a shiver of desire scuttle across me and instantly felt disgusted with myself, why would I feel excited by some dirty scumbag lording it round the fucking dole office? But there it was, that terrible tingling feeling that once it's started there's no knowing where it might lead, but anyway, Kay and them were there, and Kelv and the whole daft lot of em and so really I couldn't see the harm, it would be a good laugh, we could let him get the drinks in, let him bloody entertain us Kay shrieked drowning the saloon bar out with a messy rendition of Robbie Williams.

And then there he was, suddenly taking up the room but with a long leather coat over the pin stripe suit. He strolled straight over, bold as brass,
Evening ladies, what will it be?
He was flashing the wad about the moment he got in there, the fucking geezer, the big man. *Michelle, and….* Kay was suddenly sitting up and pushing the tits out, putting on a big smile and cranking the charm offensive up to ten. Kay's fallen for it, I thought, straight away, that stupid overbearing cockney charm, Kay's FALLEN FOR IT. And then he sat down between us and started staring at me again, that eyes boring in sort of look, it was making me feel a bit uncomfortable, despite the booze, despite the half a pill I'd just necked with the lager, I was going red, it was embarrassing. So there was only one thing for it, on the shots and serious this time, they're doing trebles for singles tonight on the vodka I said, so *Alright then ladies* he smiled and got right up and went to the bar turning round to stare back with that leering grin as he waited.
You gonna fuck him or what? Kay said as soon as the dirty perv was getting served, cos if you don't I will! Are you joking Kay, the geezers got a bald head, he's a right ugly weirdo!
I'd make an exception for him Shell, he's got, what is it, he's got CHARISMA.



And so the drinks kept coming and coming and I was dancing, doing some dirty R and B grinding with Kelv and some of Jerome's crew who were all drinking in this side now the football had finished. And the dirty bastard, Mark, his eyes were boring in, like a slavering monster, all over my body, with that dark leering grin saying if I wanted I could have you right here. And all the while Kay was laughing ,looking up at him, pushing her tits into the arm of the pin stripe suit but him, his eyes never boring in.

And you know don't you Michelle, he said as soon as Kay went to fix up her slap in the ladies, *that I'm going to take you home tonight and fuck you, you know that don't you Michelle.*

His hand rested on my thigh and I let it stay there, head fuzzy with the booze but body tingling with some sort of grim animal excitement.

I didn't really see the point, I mean, the struggle, day to day, to get by, when you know, it seems a bit unnecessary, I mean work, you know, what's the fucking point?

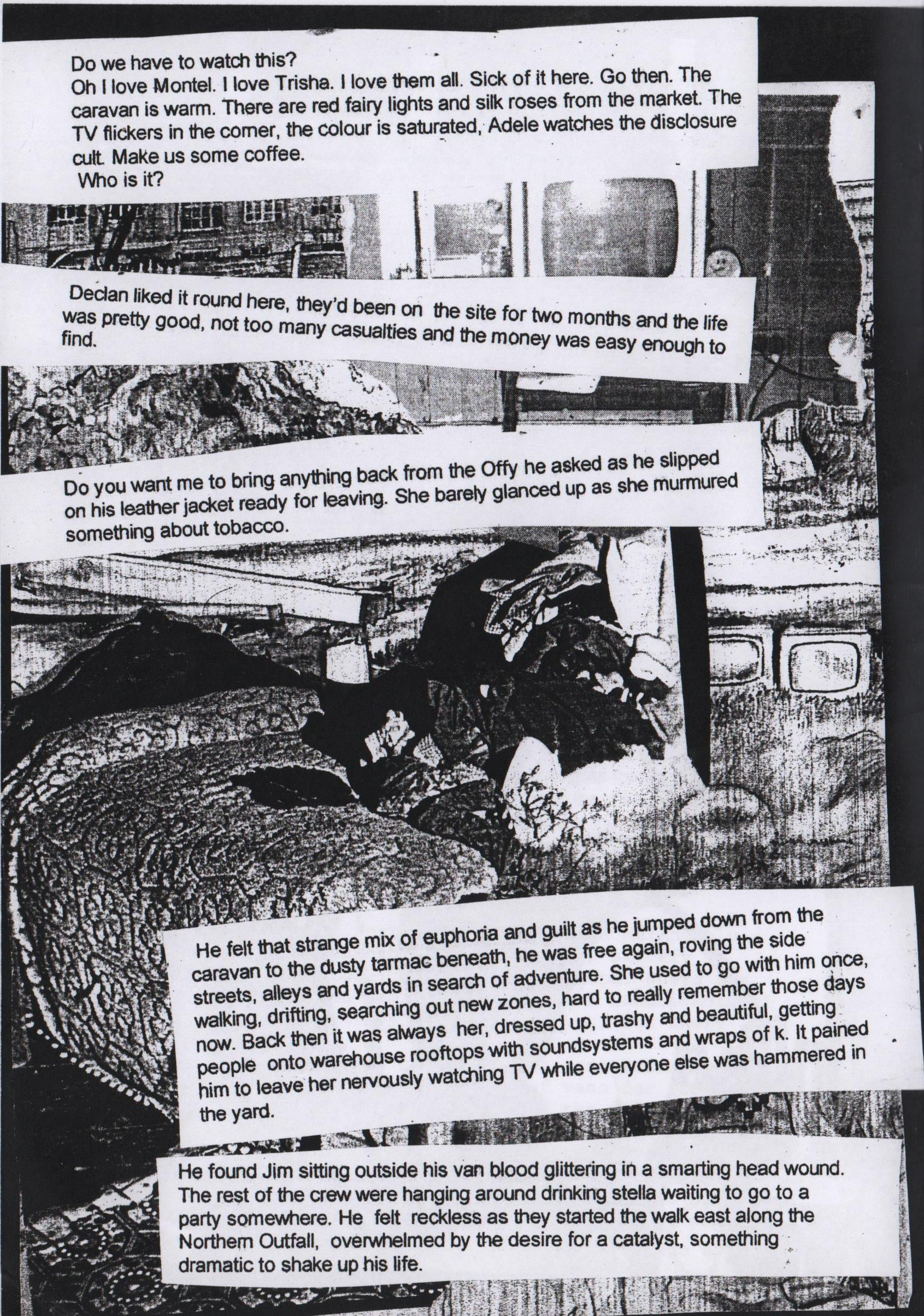
There were loads of crew shacked up in the Marshgate trading estate, the vehicles were parked up by the Bow flyover, been there a while, trucks, vans, ambulances amidst the smouldering oil drums and broken pallets.

Sometimes, when you had a party down there you could end up with 500 people showing up.

Walking along the Northern outfall is a melancholy experience. The phantom of an invented, slickly choreographed future haunts the landscape. Where are these photoshopped families, the joyful inhabitants of the yuppiedromes? They are not here yet, but their avatars stalk us.

Amidst the rubble and chaos, Polish construction workers in luminous garb skip in and out of vans for papers and fags. Oily leatherskins deconstruct the rusting heaps. Sometimes there's a group of kids with a nicked scooter, always the same, taking apart, a destructive urge, parts examined and strewn across the Greenway path. The area is cut, examined, destroyed, not rebuilt but cast off as parts hurled across a flat expanse. The sewage pipe was the conduit, it sliced through the wreckage and gave a gods eye view across the marshlands.





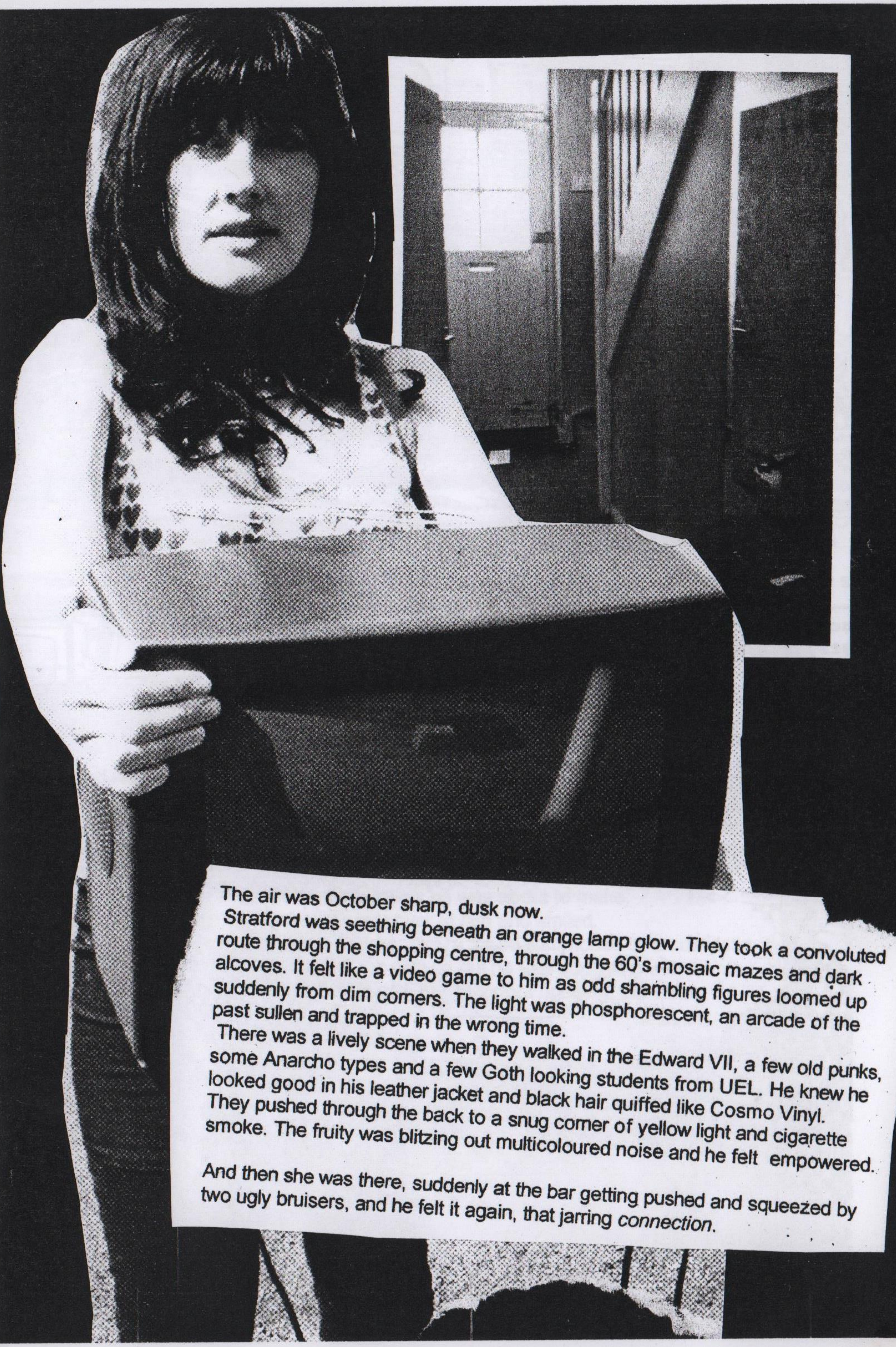
Do we have to watch this?
Oh I love Montel. I love Trisha. I love them all. Sick of it here. Go then. The caravan is warm. There are red fairy lights and silk roses from the market. The TV flickers in the corner, the colour is saturated, Adele watches the disclosure cult. Make us some coffee.
Who is it?

Declan liked it round here, they'd been on the site for two months and the life was pretty good, not too many casualties and the money was easy enough to find.

Do you want me to bring anything back from the Offy he asked as he slipped on his leather jacket ready for leaving. She barely glanced up as she murmured something about tobacco.

He felt that strange mix of euphoria and guilt as he jumped down from the caravan to the dusty tarmac beneath, he was free again, roving the side streets, alleys and yards in search of adventure. She used to go with him once, walking, drifting, searching out new zones, hard to really remember those days now. Back then it was always her, dressed up, trashy and beautiful, getting people onto warehouse rooftops with soundsystems and wraps of k. It pained him to leave her nervously watching TV while everyone else was hammered in the yard.

He found Jim sitting outside his van blood glittering in a smarting head wound. The rest of the crew were hanging around drinking stella waiting to go to a party somewhere. He felt reckless as they started the walk east along the Northern Outfall, overwhelmed by the desire for a catalyst, something dramatic to shake up his life.

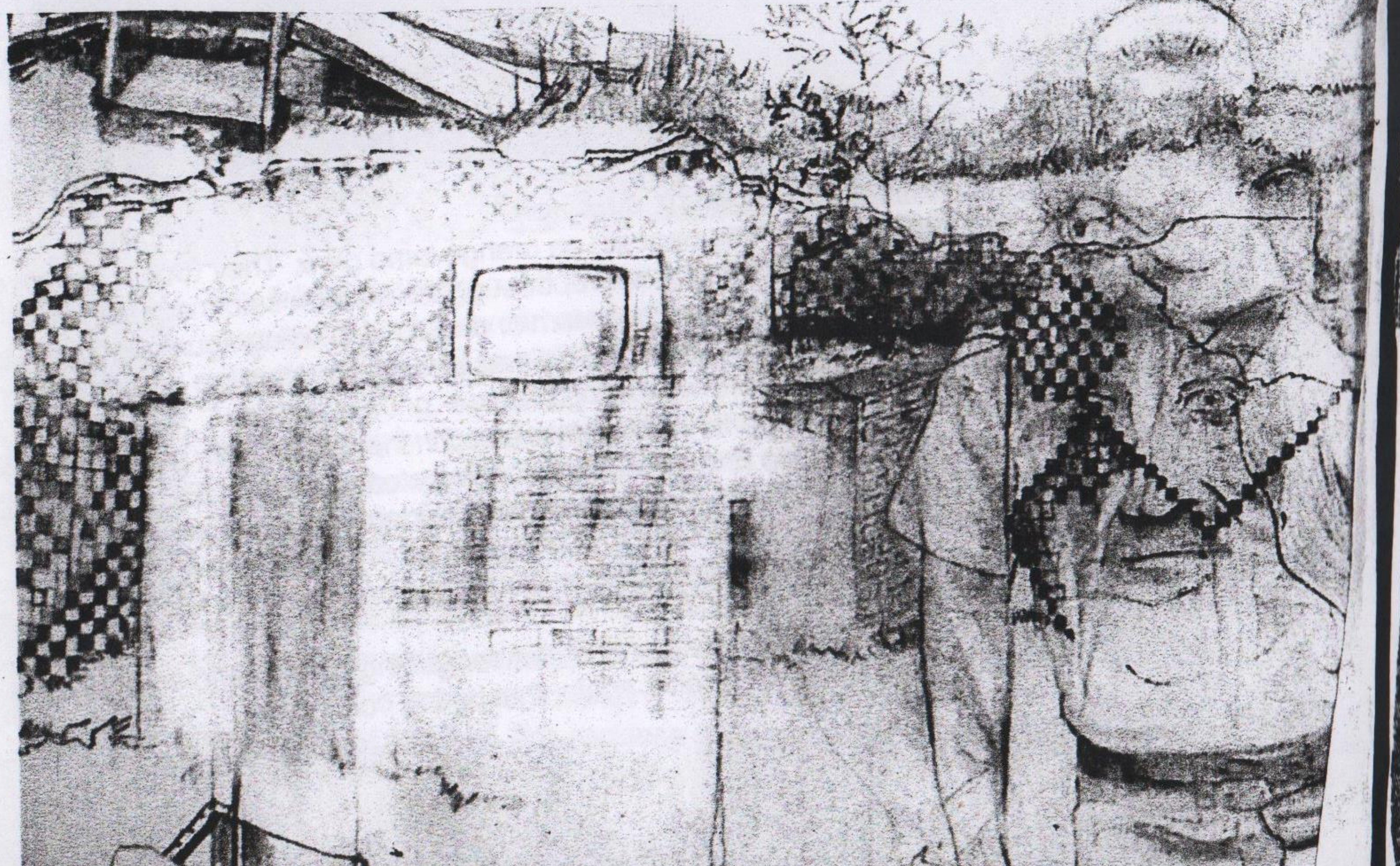


The air was October sharp, dusk now.
Stratford was seething beneath an orange lamp glow. They took a convoluted route through the shopping centre, through the 60's mosaic mazes and dark alcoves. It felt like a video game to him as odd shambling figures loomed up suddenly from dim corners. The light was phosphorescent, an arcade of the past sullen and trapped in the wrong time.
There was a lively scene when they walked in the Edward VII, a few old punks, some Anarcho types and a few Goth looking students from UEL. He knew he looked good in his leather jacket and black hair quiffed like Cosmo Vinyl. They pushed through the back to a snug corner of yellow light and cigarette smoke. The fruity was blitzing out multicoloured noise and he felt empowered.

And then she was there, suddenly at the bar getting pushed and squeezed by two ugly bruisers, and he felt it again, that jarring *connection*.



He sensed it, that inexplicable notion that he'd known her somewhere before, ... *in the alleyway, oh dear another undoing encounter, climb the fence, You sure, yeah, the greying nets, a slight flutter, the grime and mess, a room with falling wallpaper, faded roses, mildew and moss, I cut my arm getting through the window, You sure? A stranger, but that's how it works, then there's a pause, but I've never known a full stop. In my life. there's always an adjunct, a sequel, a little bit more*



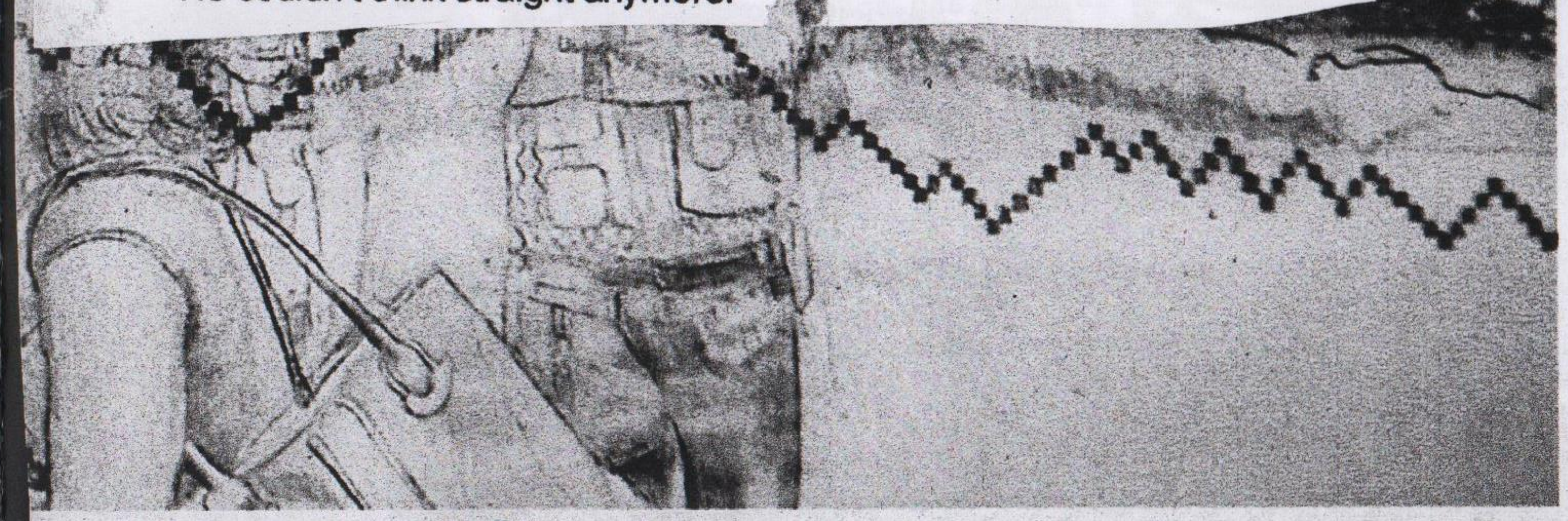


and instantly he felt stupid, anxious, like he was losing control. He was lagging behind her, or somewhere in front, he searched for the time and place but it kept sliding beyond his grasp. His eyes brimmed with her, the peroxide hair, the dark eyes, drifting through the fridge mountains of the Wick, the landings round Hackney road, in and out of boozers and cafs, alone, always somewhere just ahead, tracing the steps he was about to make,

and then she looked directly over at him and smiled.

The memories surged over him, a future summoned or an atavistic impulse, she was here now, flesh and blood but he was struggling with the images replicating furiously in his head, the corridors opening, the vistas shifting and reconfiguring.

He couldn't think straight anymore.



And so the plotting began, the moment he slung the leather coat over the pin stripe suit and left the flat in the morning, never smiling unless he'd just rolled off me, hot and grunting. He was the only white bloke in that dole office and he strutted round the place like he was the fucking business, you know, superior. The rest of them were in there because they needed it, he laughed at their dreams of careers, for him it was just a temporary dip below station, a means to and end, someone had to pay for the massive recording studio he'd set up in the lounge because of course it was only a matter of time before his monumental talent was discovered. Yeah Mr. Fucking Smart, elevated high above the rest of the herd, God what a joke, Mr Fucking Dole snoop loser more like.

I looked out from the 18th floor balcony over Kings cross, watching the trains. Kings cross, the fabled gateway to the city, and the yearned for exit route. I saw the hordes daily, crushed round the departures boards clambering over each other to get back to Yorkshire or Scotland, and the rest of them sucked in for the first time frozen wide eyed in anticipation.

And the minute I started plotting in earnest the minute I felt better, more real. I'd been a kind of dream of myself, haunting the streets, overlooked and transparent but things were different now. After all those months avoiding my reflection I'd got myself back.

A walk up to Camden would do it, my hair had woken up really good, a proper bleached mess in true 70's punk mode. I rushed the red lipstick and felt the notes folded in the jeans pocket, yeah, some fun in the market with that bastards money. Sometimes when he came home hammered stinking of cheap perfume and booze, out cold on the settee with half a spliff hanging out the ashtray I'd raid his wallet. The thick bastard never knew, couldn't remember who he'd been flashing his money with the night before. But when he was smashed like that, skin waxy and toxic, I could lift a tenner here and a twenty there and the stinking drunk never mentioned it. And I'd started stashing it away, out of his reach, my little emergency fund.

I left the tiled mosaics of the foyer with a delicious feeling of excitement, the adventures were rising up to meet me in the tower blocks of Somers town.

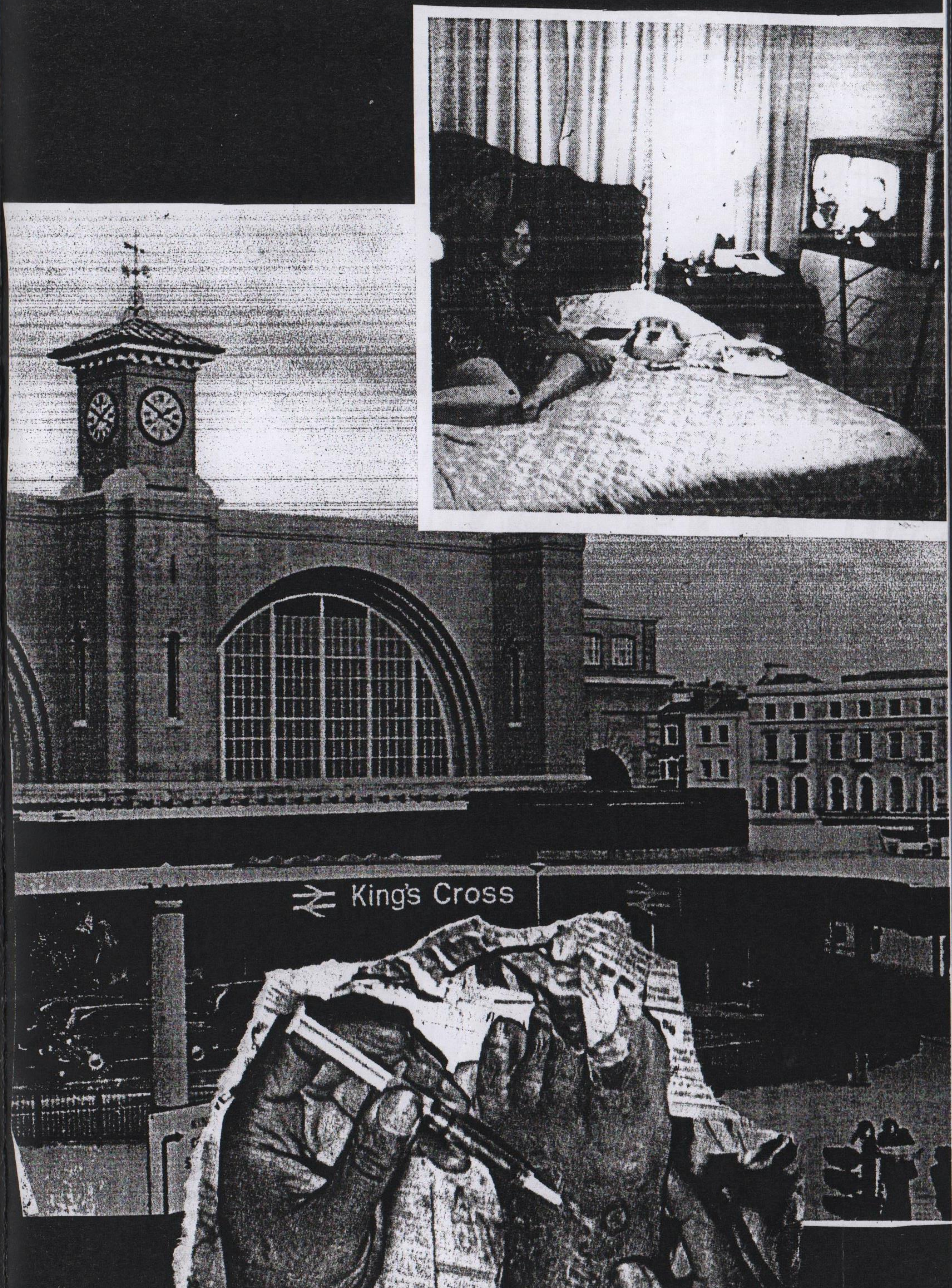
I began picking through the relics of an abandoned London conjuring up The Polygon and the Brill, the dusty shadowscapes of bomb damage and slum clearances. The sky was ultramarine, the gas holders were bleached out in the sunlight. I drifted through the estates on Ossulton street in search of a drink.

The Cock tavern was an Irish boozer. We used to go in there for meetings. The 90's squat rave aesthetic dominated, dreadlocks, day glo spirals and teletubby clothes. Meetings sprawled for miles in search of consensus. Then the flash up memory of 9/11. This was where we headed after the Arms Fair in Docklands to watch the carnage unfold on the giant sky TV screen. Benjamin spoke about these moments, he thought that it was only in moments of catastrophe that anything could change because it is only in moments of catastrophe that progress halts and there is time and space to alter things. He called these moments of catastrophe "Jetztzeiten" - now-times.

If our future has been stolen now is the time to look back with vengeful intent.

The slob came home from work every night saying nothing except to storm into the kitchen lifting pan lids and making demands. After that he'd crash down on the settee and reach for the gold tin with the fractal design and pull out a record to use as a rolling mat. It was the same boring ritual every night, tear up king size rizlas , break cigarettes all over the smoked glass coffee table, turn the TV on, get stoned.







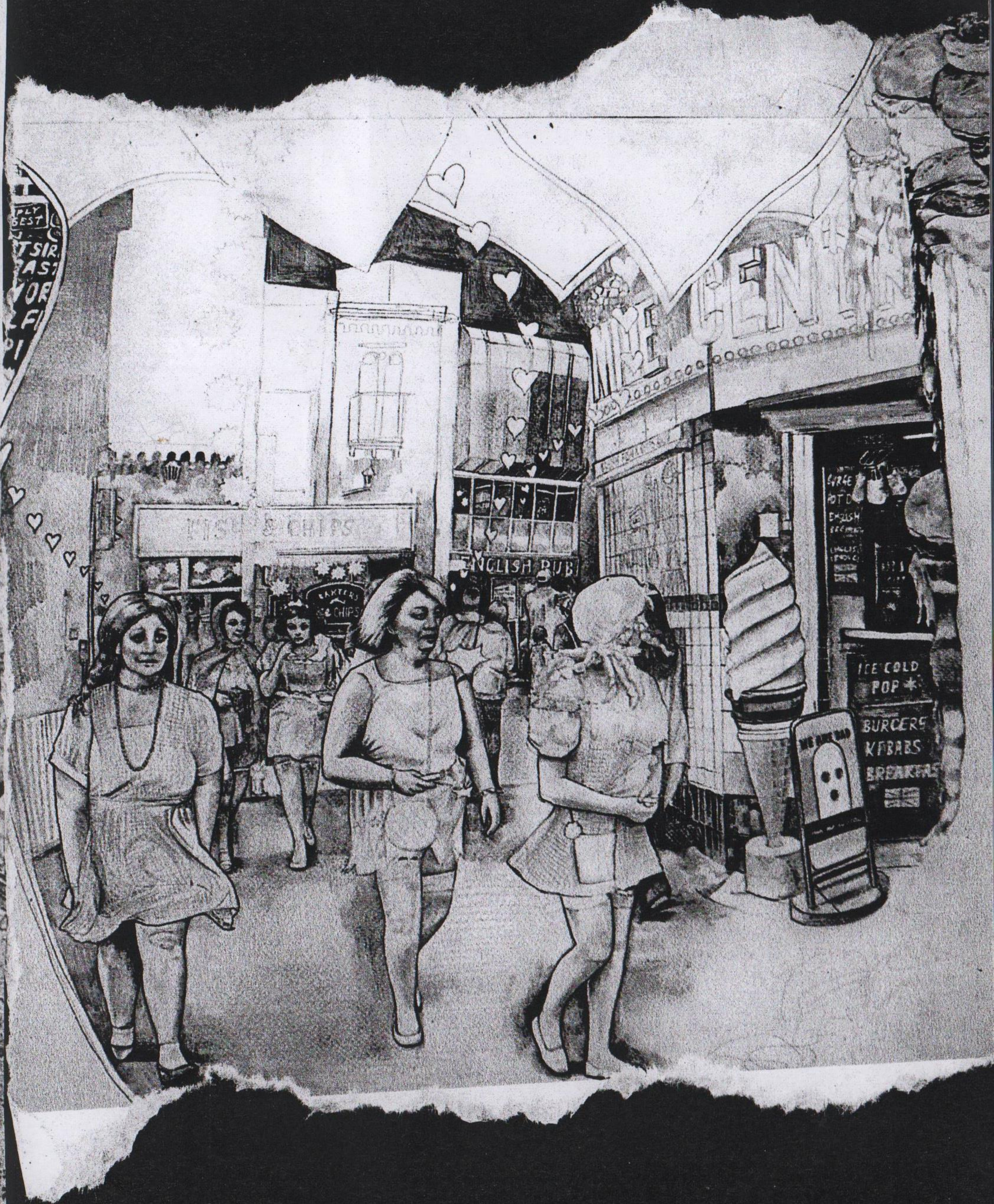

And after a couple of beers that was it, the familiar desire just to walk east along the canal overwhelmed me as it always seemed to now. I loved that walk along the canal ,that conduit shuttling me back to that desolate playground. Over the tunnel through Priory Green and the little alleyways in Half Moon crescent, and on to the Angel, sometimes stopping for a cup of tea in that caf near Duncan terrace. I walked it most days, sometimes getting off at Broadway market and walking round London fields, other times going on to the Hertford Union and the Lakeview flats. I roamed through old territories, bumping into people I'd missed, hiding out in boozers with lost acquaintances.

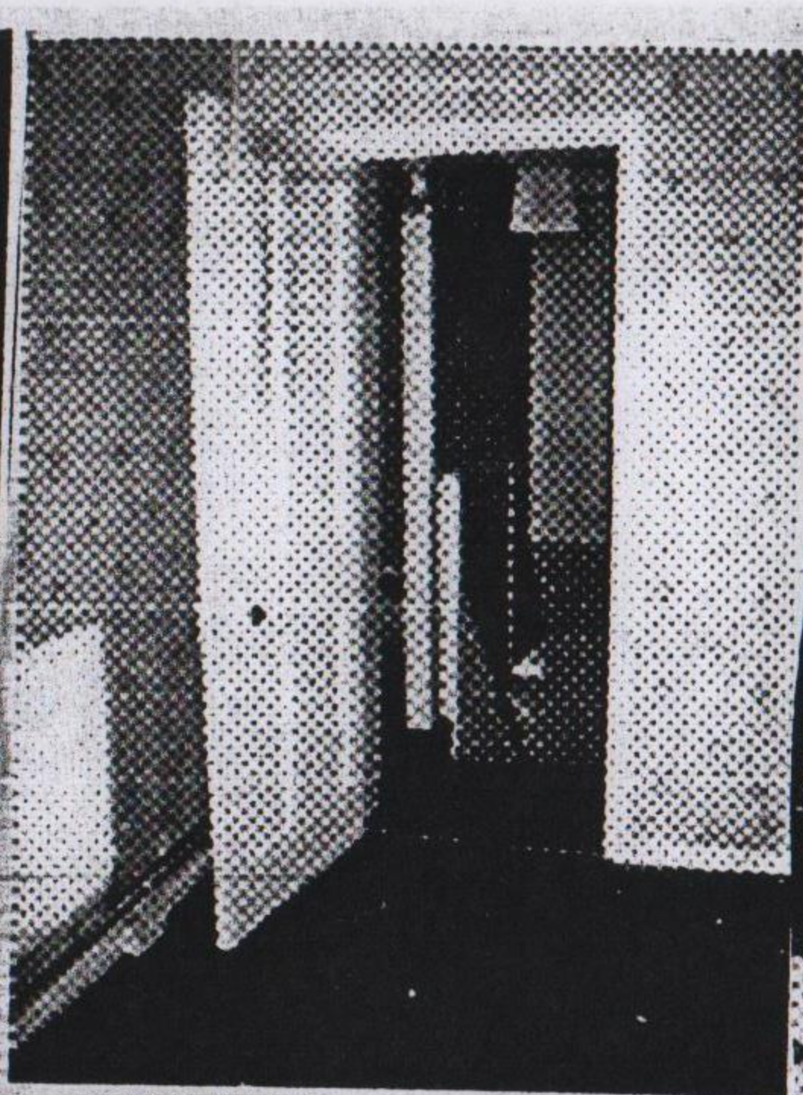
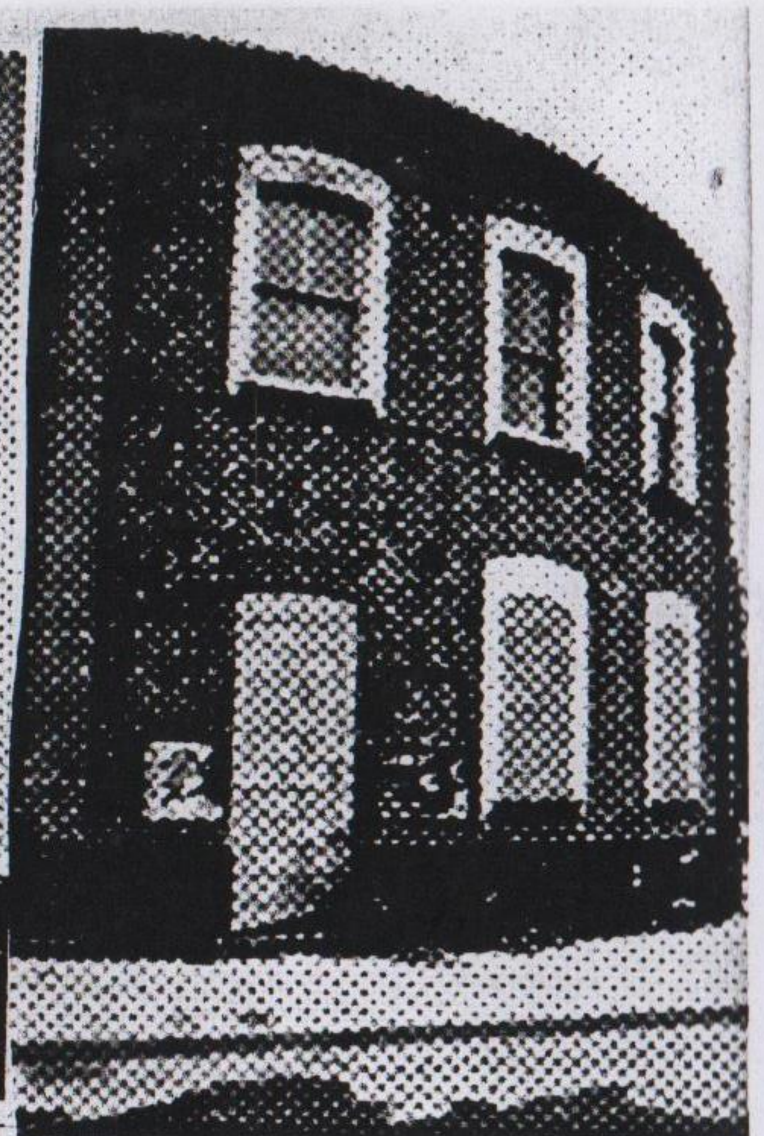
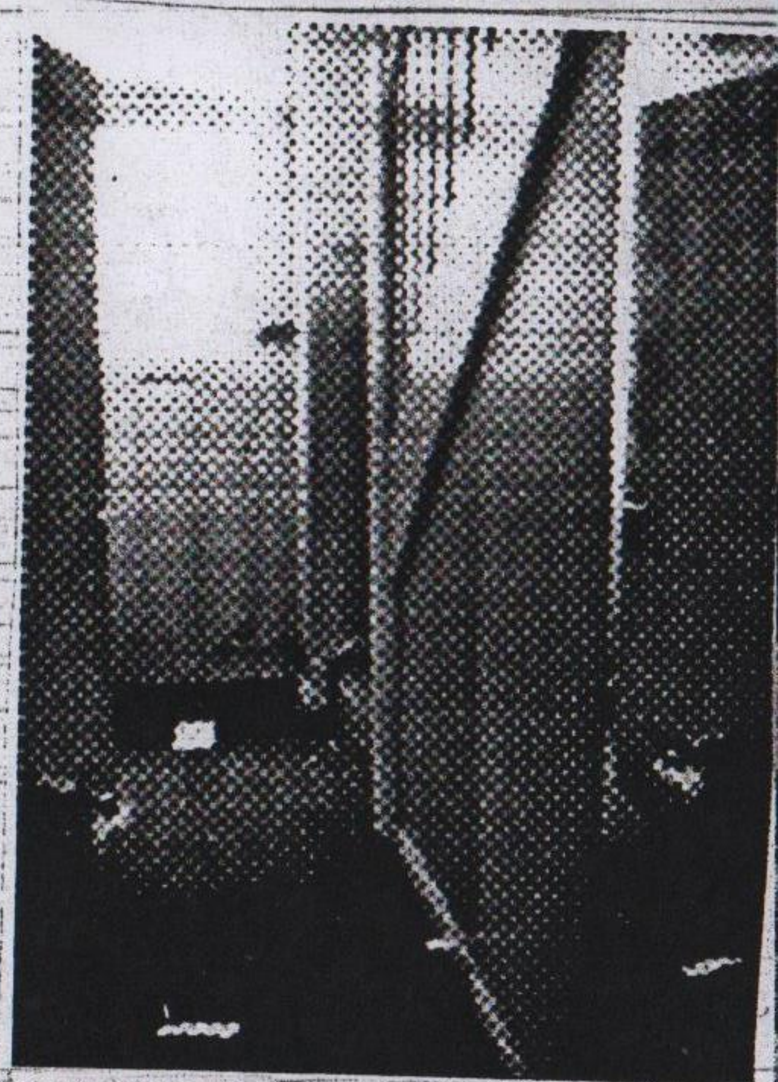
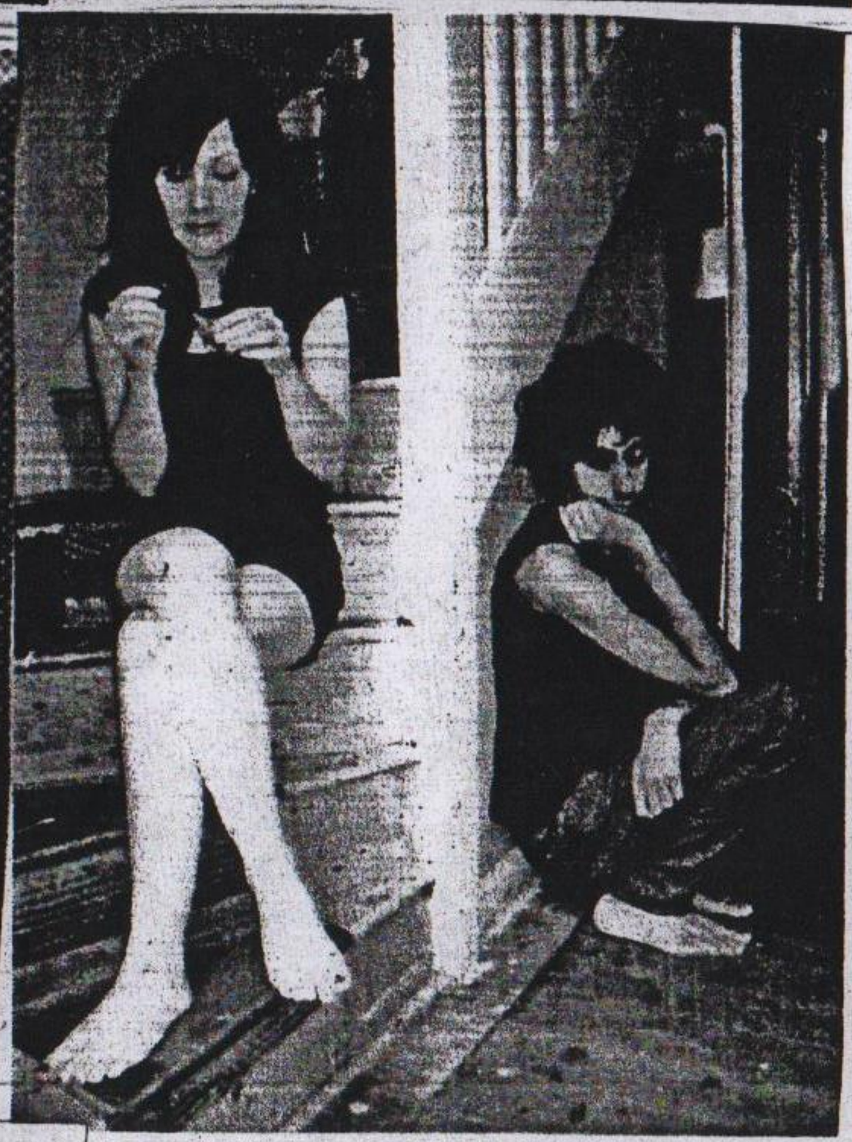
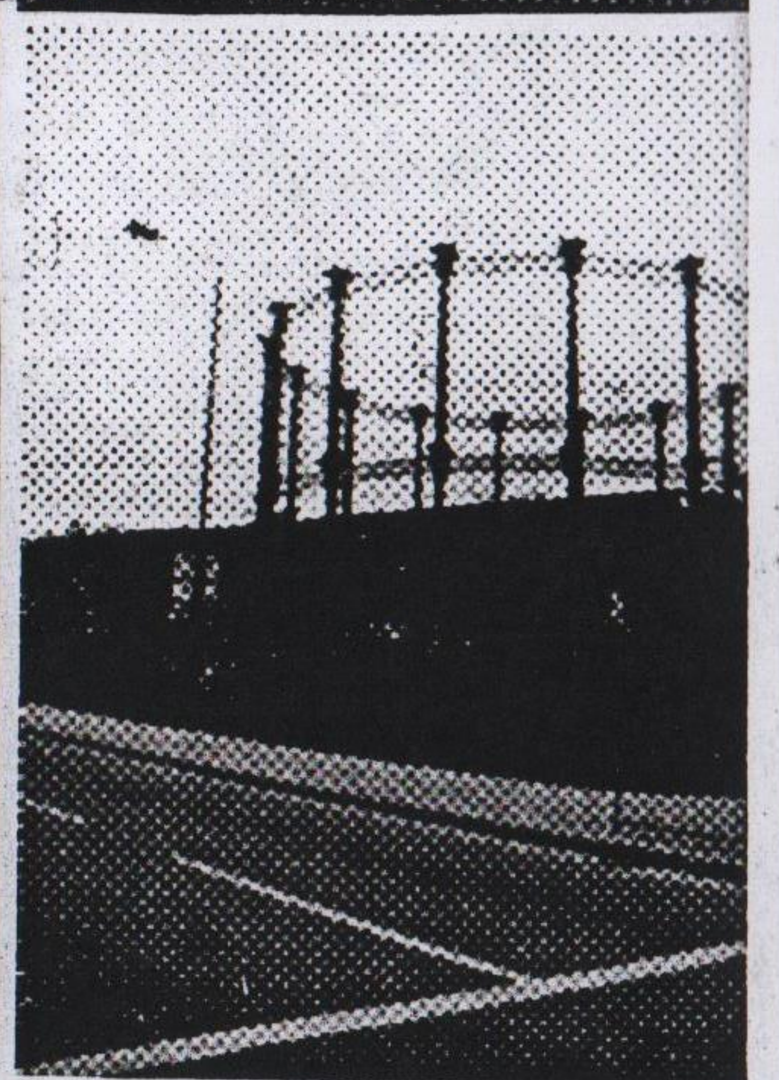
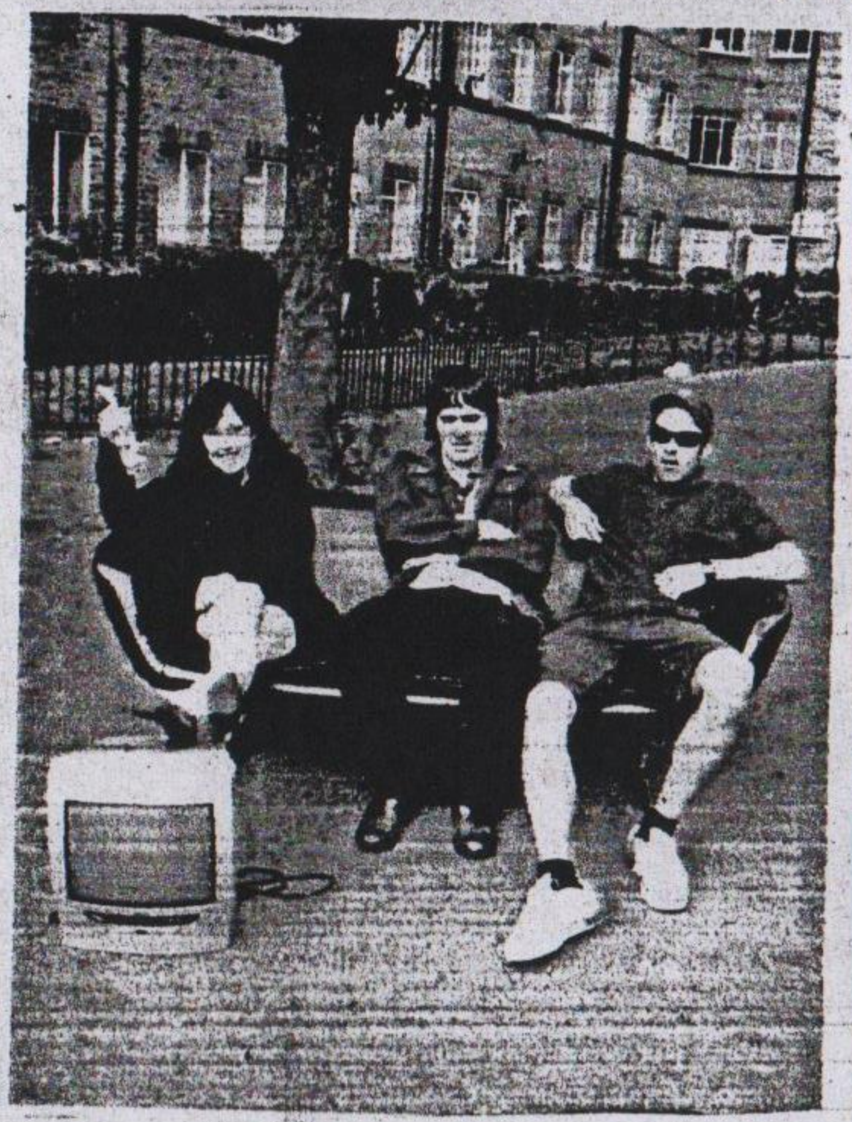
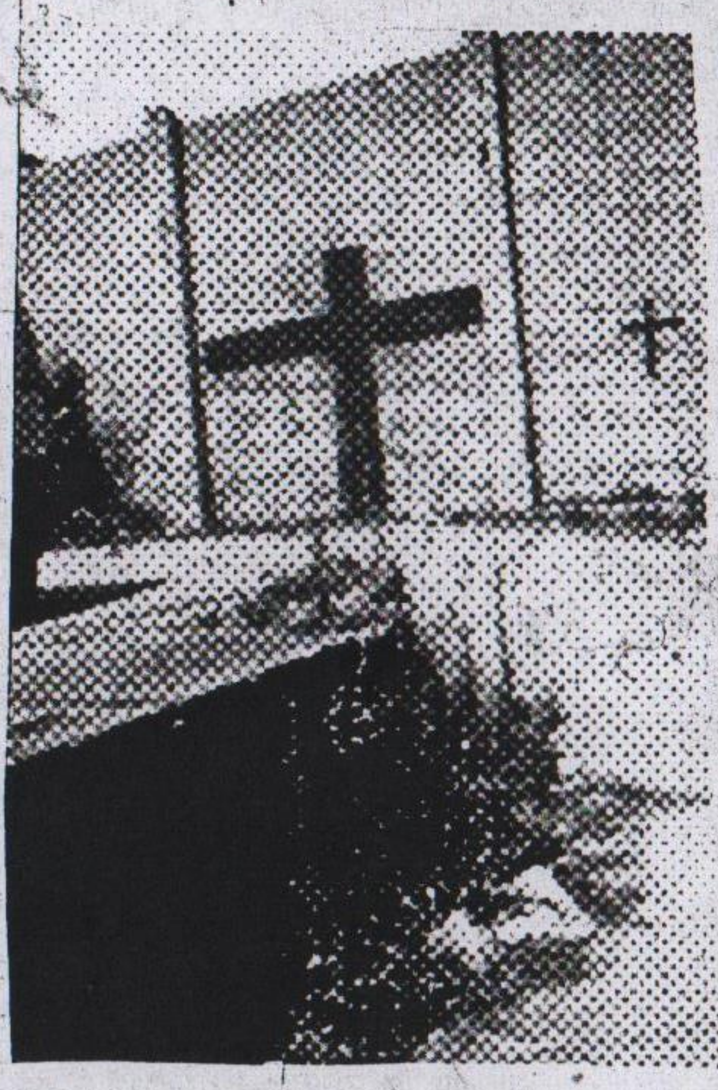
I stopped for a swift one in The Constitution and glanced over the newly rebranded 'Star Wharf'. Laid out beneath me were the old Camden squatlands of Georgiana street, Ossleton road and Torriano Avenue. I paused over the shocking montage of Carol street, a brutal dichotomy, Scritti politti's Green Gartside reading Derrida at one side and Ian Stuart leafing through Mein Kampf on the other.

The greasy rebranding was in its final stages, 'Star wharf', sycophantic bilge, faux heritage, something left over for the sake of authenticity. I supposed that this was the cosmetic veneer that was meant to distinguish it from the tabula rasa brutality of modernist architecture or the high octane demolition tendencies of Haussmann.

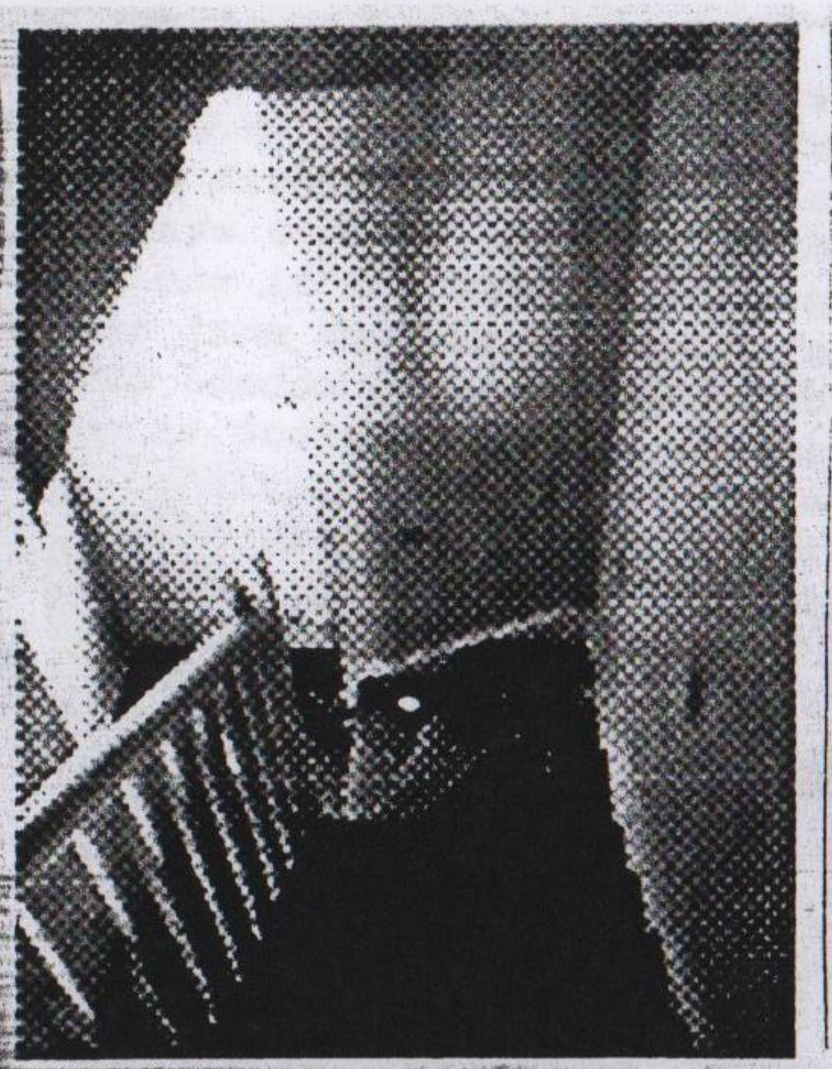
I passed through the ramshackle alleyways where the North London line cuts across the street, glancing up at the pale figures in the carriages above. A nervous girl clutching a letter and heavy suitcase smiled back at me. A last journey from Hackney to Kings cross, a farewell to the city.

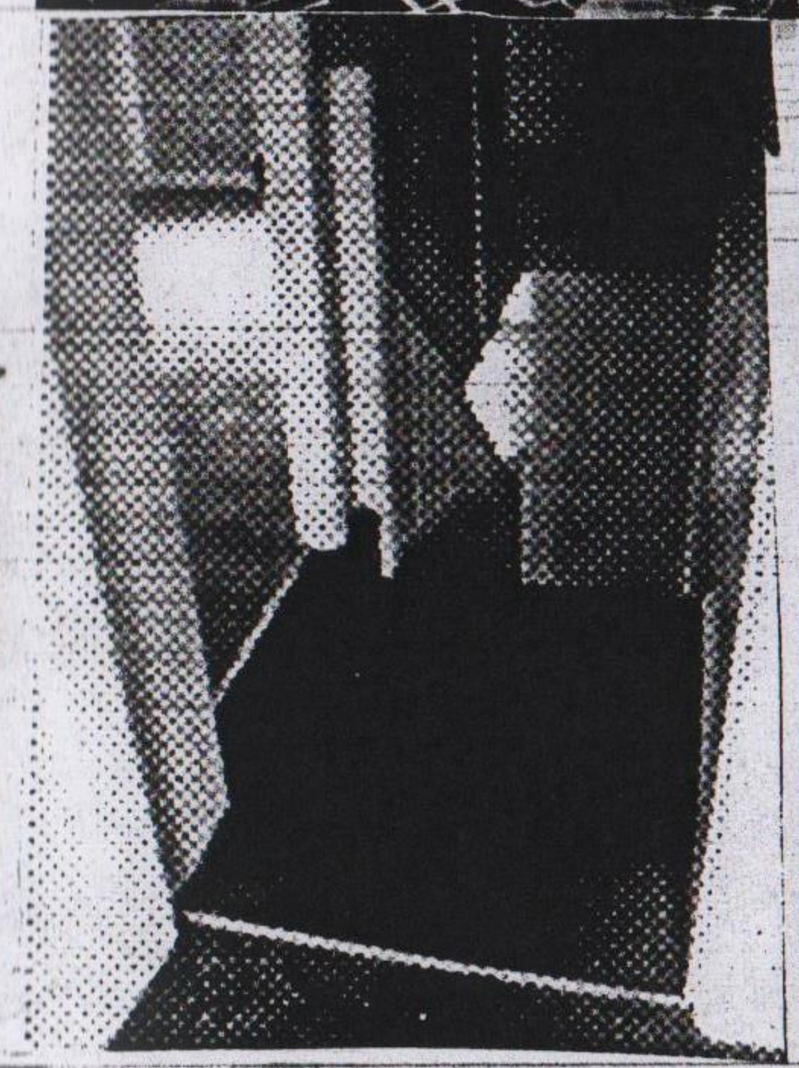
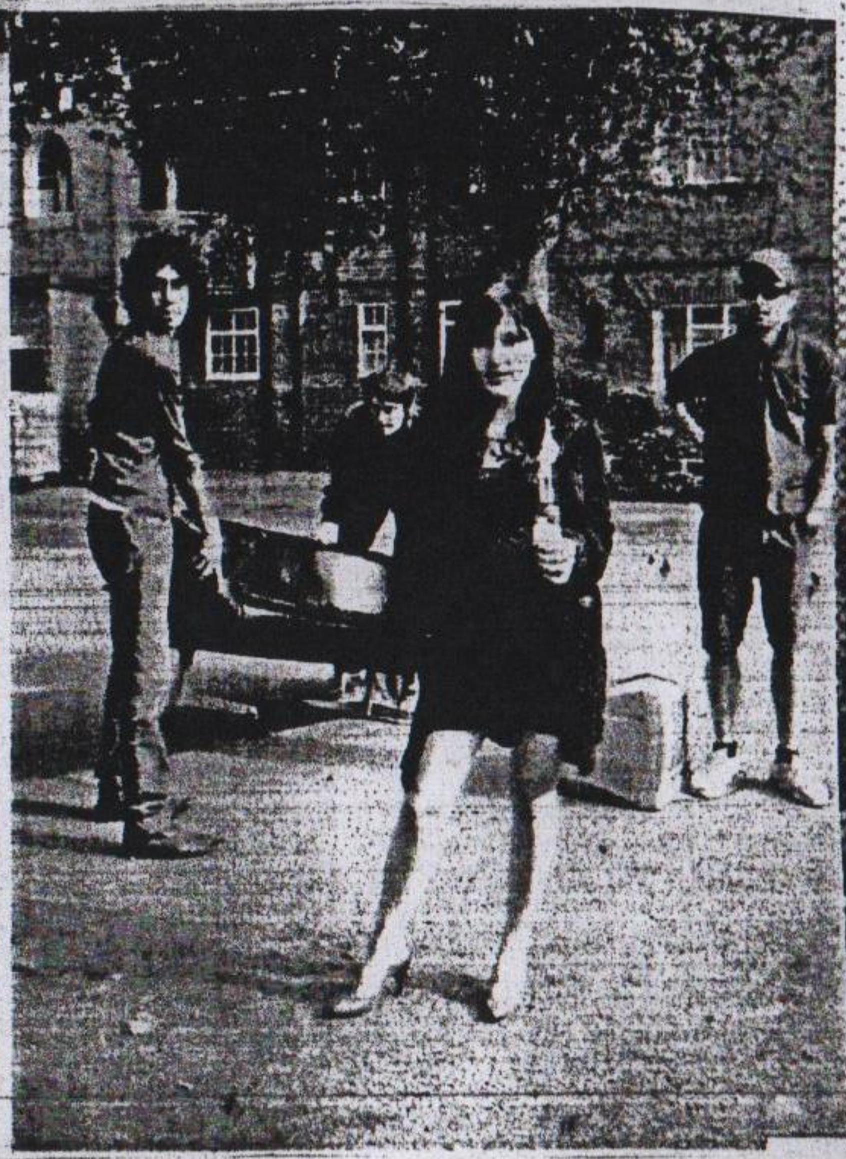
Royal college street ,The Falcon .The soft musings of melancholy give way to fury. I think back to the seething chaos, the bouts of brutality, and all those headcases on psychoactives breaking out on fierce drifts.

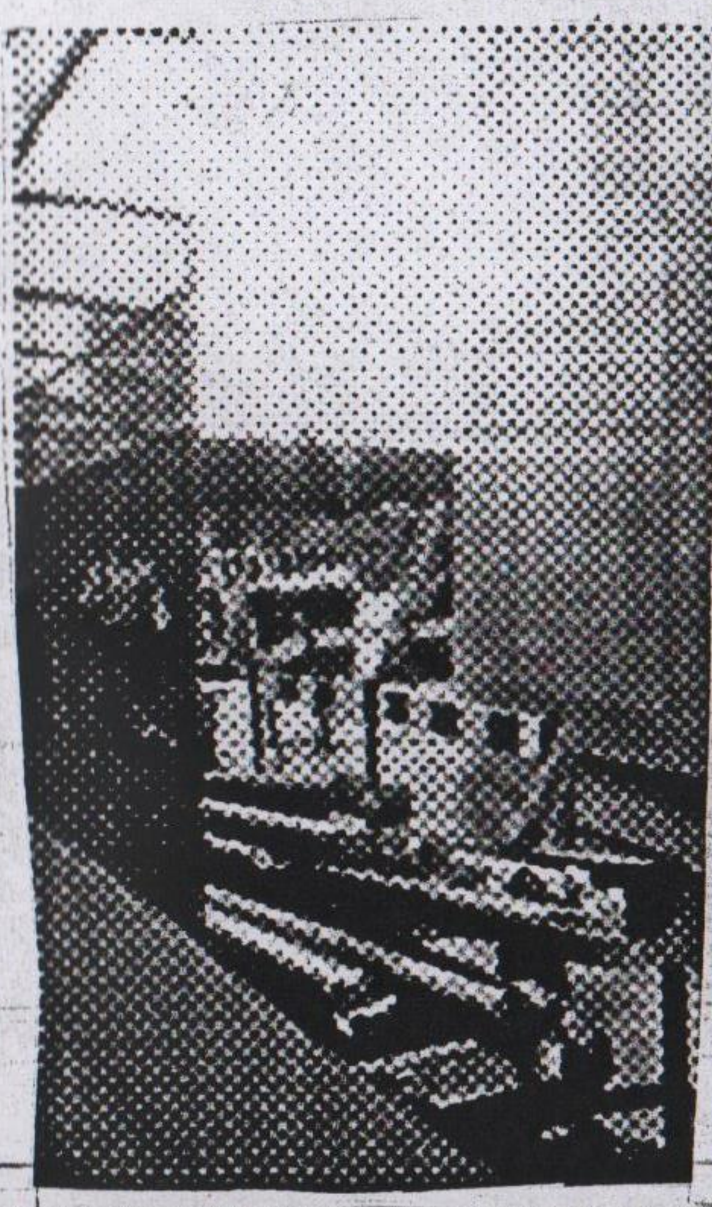
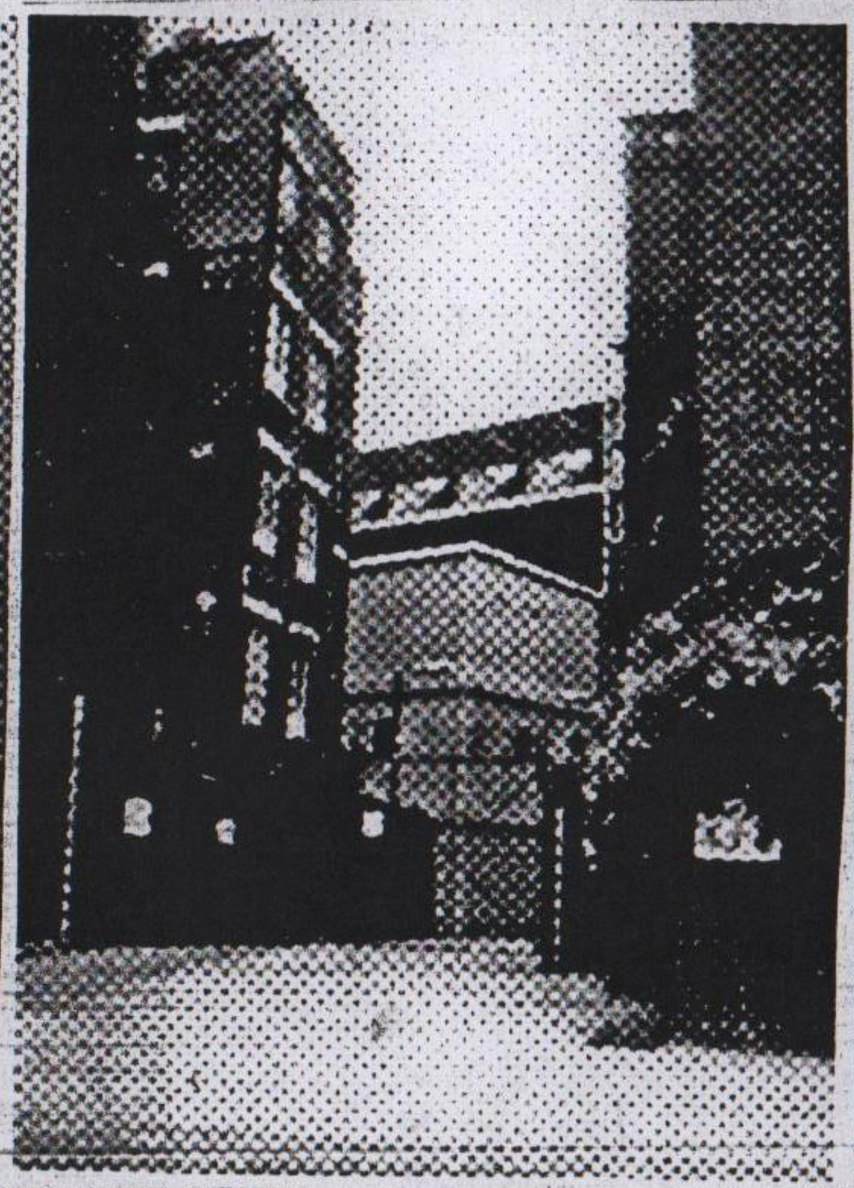



SAVAGE MESSIAH KINGS CROSS DRIFT


Mayday 2000 , mid bender, there was a punk gig in here and I'd been on it three days, proper mashed up and not giving a fuck. There was loads of stuff going on at the Arsenal tavern and plotting meetings at the Calthorpe Arms and always tons of old bill with telephoto lenses waiting outside. And now it's a sanitised sweep and it looks like the Falcon's the next in line for yuppieflats, fucked over like all the other great old north London boozers, remember the Pembury, the Samuel Pepys, the Albion in Stokey? Now the screws are turned with noise complaints and licensing problems and it seems everything that's anarchic and slipping off the map has got to be forced back in. The battle is on to get us all living in some Thames gateway dead zone, but, you know there's still a few of us left holding out.



And now it stands, an empty shell waiting to be filled with vacuous 'executives.'

I squeezed through broken hardboard and managed to break in round the back. There was a pretty intact boozer in there and I sat on a mildewed banquette smoking a cigarette thinking about having this place as my own yard. I imagined it packed out with juvenile delinquents in crombies, you can't beat that look, Borstal dots and cherry reds, **come on, let's fucking have it.! !** I brush masonry dust off the juke box and let the ghostly strains of Cockney Rejects ricochet around.

Royal college street was quiet and strangely depopulated .

THE FRENCH POETS PAUL VERLAINE AND ARTHUR RIMBAUD LIVED HERE MAY-JULY 1873
Their rooms were lurking behind a façade of peeling stucco and schizoid eruptions of buddleia. I discovered some graffiti in the sodium glow of the adjoining alleyway ,
W MSI. Vote Italian social movement. MSI was a fascist group associated with the Bologna bombings of 1981, and the P2 Masonic lodge. There was some link with the Ferndale hotel, and Roberto Calvi, the feverish tracings of conspiracy theorists drew lines from here to Blackfriars.

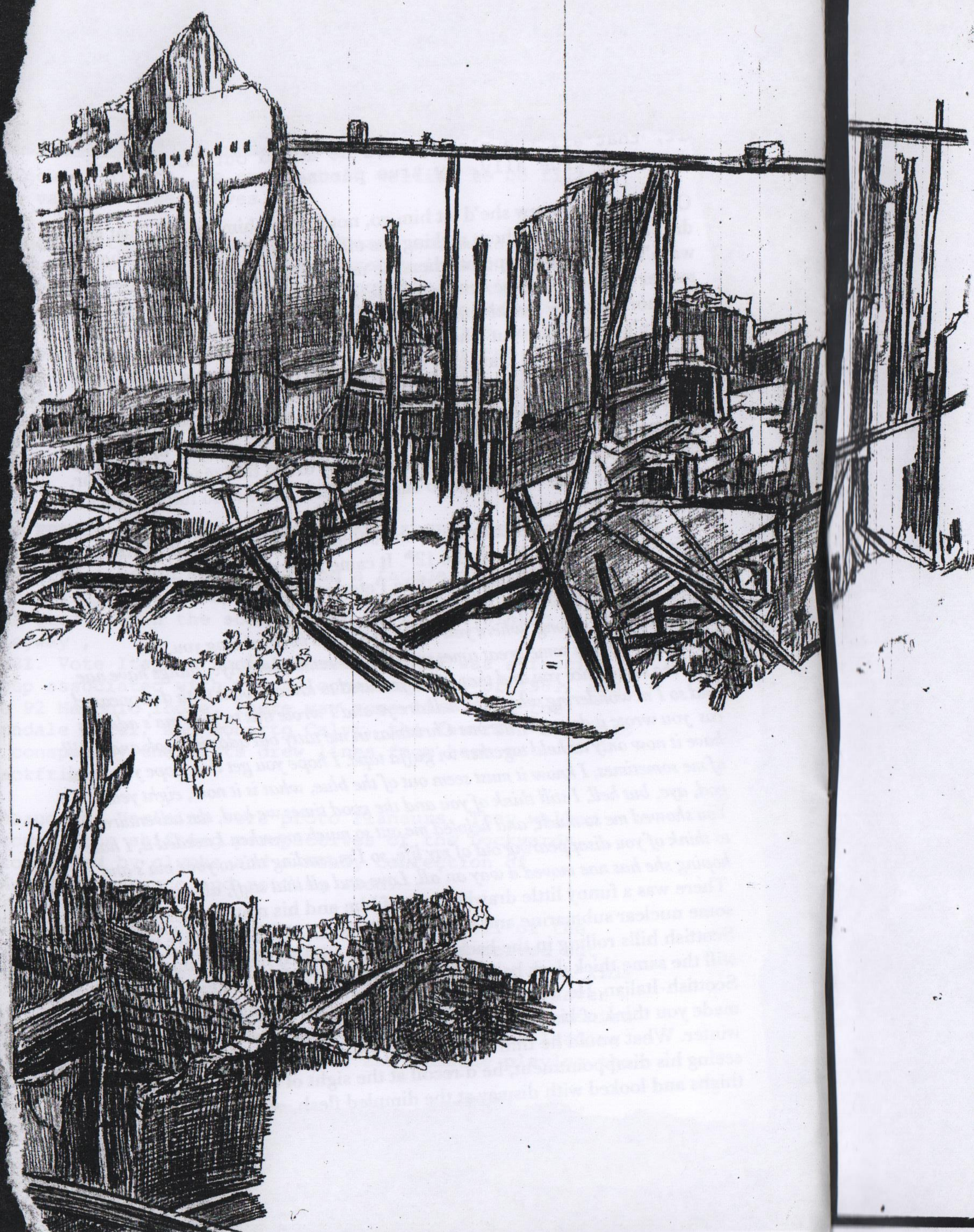
Rimbaud and Verlaine were proto flaneurs. They walked through the shifting perspectives of the Dockyards, intoxicated by glyphs and a heady confection of gunpowder, tobacco and rotting wood.

I wandered through the sugary doughnut smell of the market with its twinkling fairy lights and carved out pumpkins. There were all these young punks and goth kids in absurd 8 inch platform boots and a few little raver kids in neon yellow hanging about outside the Devonshire drinking cider, a little nexus of mayhem, doors leading to unknown pleasures and dangers and someone playing the

Membranes through broken windows. And then I saw a boy with dark hair and a pale face looking across at me, he was smiling, I knew him, it was that boy I kept seeing all the time, the one who seemed to be round Stratford a lot and Hackney wick, the one with the amazing barnet, a proper brylcreem quiff. In that instant I knew I could do it, that all the plans could be acted out now, I had found my true ally, my true partner in crime.

Of course, she knew she'd let him go, not pushed him exactly, just let him drift away gently, without making the effort to pull him back in. There wasn't really an exact point when the malaise had started, when it didn't matter anymore that he saw her without make up, looking dishevelled in the morning, saw her bloated and tired and rough with a hangover. She couldn't even figure out when it was that she'd stopped wanting him to desire her, when did that start, that feeling of just not being bothered anymore.? It had gone on a long time , that feeling of heaviness, the weight under the ribs, of being pushed deep into a bed kept for sleeping now. It all became futile, waking, living, there was no rhythm, no thrills to shred the tedium. It all became condensed in this grey dread that made every hour, every day the same. It seemed to surround her, no past no future, just a suspension in the mist.

Then the first letter arrived, she could pinpoint that date ,it rose sharply in her mind. March the 12th. It came unexpectedly, a brown envelope stamped first Glasgow then Peterlee, with her mothers address crossed out, PLEASE REDIRECT.
Adele! it's been so long, where you been? We've all been missing you, me especially, we had some great times up here you remember? Aye, things have nae been the same since you and that crew you used to knock about with disappeared, and so I'm wondering where the hell are ye and I wrote this to your ma's address cos you wrote it down for me one Christmas in me tatty old address book and I still have it now only its held together wi gaffa tape. I hope you get this, hope you think of me sometimes, I know it must seem out of the blue, what is it now, eight years, god, aye, but hell, I still think of you and the good times we had, the adventures. You showed me so much, and help[ed me out so much too when I needed it, I hate to think of you disappearing out of my life, so I'm sending this to your ma's and hoping she has nae moved a way an'all. Love and all that stuff, always, Joe.
There was a funny little drawing in it of him and his mates smashing up some nuclear submarine and a photo of them all outside by a fire with the Scottish hills rolling in the background. She studied his face, unchanged, still the same thick dark hair, pale skin and dark eyes, half Jewish half Scottish-Italian. He was still handsome, still had that way of smiling that made you think of kissing him, of hiding away in some cottage for the winter. What would he think of her now, she couldn't bear the idea of seeing his disappointment, he'd recoil at the sight of her, she nipped her thighs and looked with dismay at the dimpled flesh, and her face, she



peered deep into the mirror and flinched again at the web of lines deepening around the eyes, she felt sick, couldn't stand herself, she wasn't the girl that had flirted and messed around with the handsome young Joe, and he wouldn't feel the same if he saw her now. But still, that letter had warmed her in a way she hadn't felt for so long, it pierced the fog like a flashing head lights in a damp country lane, she was alive, someone from that other life had addressed her directly, he was reaching out to her.

We slipped through the churchyard railings and drifted in the shadows of the Soane tomb. The imaginary vistas of Piranesi's carceri stretched as far as Lincolns Inn and the bank of England . ***We kiss on the steps, in the alleyway, oh dear another undoing encounter, climb the fence, You sure, yeah, the greying nets, a slight flutter, the grime and mess, a room with falling wallpaper, faded roses, mildew and moss, I cut my arm getting through the window, You sure? A stranger, but that's how it works, then there's a pause, but I've never known a full stop. In my life. there's always an adjunct, a sequel, a little bit more***

I could dream the mob violence at the Bank, the exhilarating rush to the eye of the riot. I tasted the blood in his mouth and demanded more.

If u
Want
2
kill me
I still
Love
u.

and I felt the particles of pleasure scuttle across my skin. We found an alcove in the seedy glow of the Red Lion theatre bar, and the talk was crisp and urgent. There in that snug, in those exquisite moments of plotting and flirtation ,I felt the desire radiating, I would be hidden, adrift in terra incognita.

TO BE
CONTINUED..



of

I'm living in a squat in Grays inn road, my room's a fucking mess, orange and brown 70's wallpaper, torn turqoise curtains and a red lampshade. It's seedy as fuck, stupid UK subs and sham 69 graffiti everywhere and s view of tenements out the back. . Its 1980, I see one face staring out to Europe , the other at America. I'm yearning for the abandoned dockyards as I'm getting done up to go down the Merlins cave.

In 1797 the area between St Pancras Church and Battle Bridge flooded to a depth of 3 feet by the swollen waters of the River Fleet. Then in 1818 it happened again, that uncanny rupturing, the shocking resurgance. that which

> "ought to have remained secret and hidden but has come to light" (Freud 1955: 225).





St Pancras hotel, survived the sweep of the 60's, now it will stand as a glowing example of Victorian gothic architecture to add heritage to the Eurostar terminal development.

KINGS CROSS. Once the area was known as Battle bridge. . ***Boudicea fighting the Romans, London burns.***

"The labyrinth is basically the space where oppositions disintegrate and grow complicated, where diacritical couples are unbalanced and perverted etc., where the system upon which linguistic function is based disintergrates, but somehow disintegrates by itself, having jammed it's own works.The labyrinth we discuss cannot be described. Mapping is out of the question." Against Architecture The writings of Georges Bataille, Denis Hollier.

Michel de Certeau, in the practice of everyday life spoke of strategies and tactics. Strategies are employed by corporations and large institutions and are about ordering and panoptically mapping the city, these strategies are made apparent from the perspective of aerial surveillance. Tactics are employed by people to carve out their own space in the city. Wandering aimlessly in the utilitarian lay out becomes a strategy for defying or subverting the original intention. The engagement with the city at street level is to immerse oneself in the sensory bombardment of urban life, the immediacy of the environment, without necessarily being concerned with the rest of the city.

The masterplan should include:
> Proposals for the retained heritage buildings and fabric, showing how their restoration, adaptation, and reuse protects, and where appropriate, enhances them and their setting, and preserves or enhances the character or appearance of the conservation areas,

Kings Cross is in a state of confusion,it is in gripped in the foolish tyranny of the masterplan. The telescopic gasholders of Agar Town have been realigned. One has been allowed to stand as a token of heritage while the others have been dismantled and left lying in Hemel Hempstead.

Old bill come over, what do these cunts want?



The Culross buildings were built for the railway workers. It became an autonomous zone, a self contained area, no one mixed outside block, everyone piled down the same boozer. Surrounded by heavy industry and transport infrastructure it became an island community, intimidating to the outsider.

There's some red stencil graffiti on the pock marked wall,
the song is over but the melody lingers on..

Clarence passage is a strange juxtaposition of old tenements with the gleaming new architecture of an international airport. All places become surfaces that can accept the neo liberal stamp.Representations of places are decontextualized. These are placeless places. Little alleyways of boarded up windows open up in the tenement ravines. And , like the damp construction of some Stalinist penitentiary are the Costain portakabin slabs. The security guards sit in sentry boxes, watching, bored, no longer able to see.

INVADE THE EURO TERMINAL, SUBTERRANEAN TRESPASS KINGS CROSS-HACKNEY WICK.

4 am. Construction workers loom up like day glo apparitions. Portakabins emerge as illuminated citadels. A maze of Perspex and plywood tunnels afford glimpses of skips, cones, barriers and the ad hoc, rambling constructions of Lebbeus Woods. Yard after yard of detritus, sentry boxes lit up with strings of light bulbs, this is a circus world of flux and transition, impermanence and warrens hastily rigged.

I remember that night in the Great Northern hotel, prowling the corridors like the kid in Kubricks Shining, me and some New York punk, opening up doors, looking for [illegible] used to chase around London just [illegible] and burning, smashing stuff up.

[illegible] slip out of sight, re
There are numerous

These are the enchanted places that [illegible] a Baroque
emerge and reconfigure somewhere else. [illegible] These
portals, fluctuating and reversible like
ceiling, lenses opening onto other realms. [illegible]
settlements and reconfigurations of forms become an outward manifestation of nomadic subjectivities, taking off on lines of flight, denying classification and fixity.



'poets find the refuse of society on their street and derive their heroic subject from this very refuse. This means that a common type is, as it were, superimposed upon their illustrious type. ...' Ragpicker or poet -- the refuse concerns both.'
Walter Benjamin.





And then it starts, just slowly, little tentative suggestion at first, but yeah, the strangeness begins right away. I can't help stealing little glances over, I catch him looking back with a smile on his face. I yearn for the abandoned shopping complex, Owen luder, the Tricorn centre, glorious, resplendent in it's dereliction. The labyrinthine corridors, the lost chambers, the walkways and roundels. A place to hide, to seek out exchanges.

"With cities,it is as with dreams:everything imaginable can be dreamed, but even the most unexpected dream is a rebus that conceals a desire or, it's reverse, a fear." Italo Calvino Invisible cities.

An observation tower looms over the rush hour havoc, The Kings Cross lighthouse, the old bill use it for covert ops. Billion dollar brain, Harry Palmer. I think of the stuffed Bentham in the case at university college and Foucaults writings on the panoptican in "Surveiller et punir'. We take the jailer with us past York Way where some semblance of sleaze still clings to the fraying edges.

The Scala, we used to go there in the late 80's for Schwarzeneggar treble bills, Blade runner post apocalyptic nightmares accelerating the come down. Kings x is symbolic, it was the archway that I stole through to get to the promised land only to be hurled out into a maelstrom of chicken bones and congealed blood.

We take a swift turn into Birkenhead street,a decrepit string of DSS hostels and halfway houses. The Violet hotel, number 55, and the flats on corner where binliners stand in for curtains. I want a jar in McGlynns, that hidden Irish boozer on corner. You can trawl the hostile ravine of the Euston road, but to find the gems you have to deviate from the well worn path. There's a roaring crew of miscreants sitting outside.

You meet me in that grease caff on Pentonville rd, massive rubber plants like a ballardian psychotropic nightmare. The assembling of the crew, funny as fuck, deviants of all stripes. October, sharp air, cobalt skies. Get some breakfast down in preparation for the session. Follow the path of the fleet, Brittania road.



21-22 Argyle square .In 1981 The Ferndale Hotel was run by the NF, Bologna bombing suspects were harboured there, links to P2 and Gladio. Ian Stuart lived there permanently from 1981.. ***Strength through oi!***
A desolate Union jack England flag hangs in an upstairs window but there's no Nazis here now.

The Golden Lion on Brittania st, 90's pub done up, horrible, fuck this. We're done up for a bit of the old ultra, a Bakunist wrecking spree on every gastro pub travesty we can get our hands on. Flick knife activates at sight of swaggering prick whose class background has assured
him of lording it status, the dirty jeans and scruffy t shirt only serve to reinforce it.
Laminated flooring, best brawled over Ikea settees .
All I want to see right, is the Clinique counter at SelfridgeS smashed up with Paul McCarthy abjection, Robert Gober mannequins trashed in a Ballardian make up counter frenzy.
Sean, have it, have it go on.
Don't know what he's doing, head splitting with the hysterical banalities of Saturday night tv.

That day when we went in search of the Groaner, we had to scour The Boot. We scanned the orange paintwork, bottle green tiles and Guiness trinkets. It was a Saturday afternoon booze up, brawls erupting, hilarity and shouting, but the Groaner wasn't there.

In Barnaby Rudge, Dickens places the rioters' headquarters in The Boot, it is also said to be the HQ of the local mob in the Gordon Riots.

I saw a Scottish girl outside who I hadn't seen for five years, she said her Aunty had just been murdered on Clapham Common but she was a working girl so no one cared.

In the 1960's London regularly exploded in vortices of mass brawls, eruptions of elegant Clockwork Orange choreography. The Cromer street mob could muster 100-150 for a big bundle, spilling on the streets with bike chains and razors.

There's a Euro feel down here, could be the coffee smell and continental looking blocks over the road, looks like Berlin, Kreuzberg maybe. Used to be a white area, a few Maltese and Italians, Maltese used to supply most of pimps.

ESTATE AGENTS!!



Site Details:

Project
St. Pancras Chambers

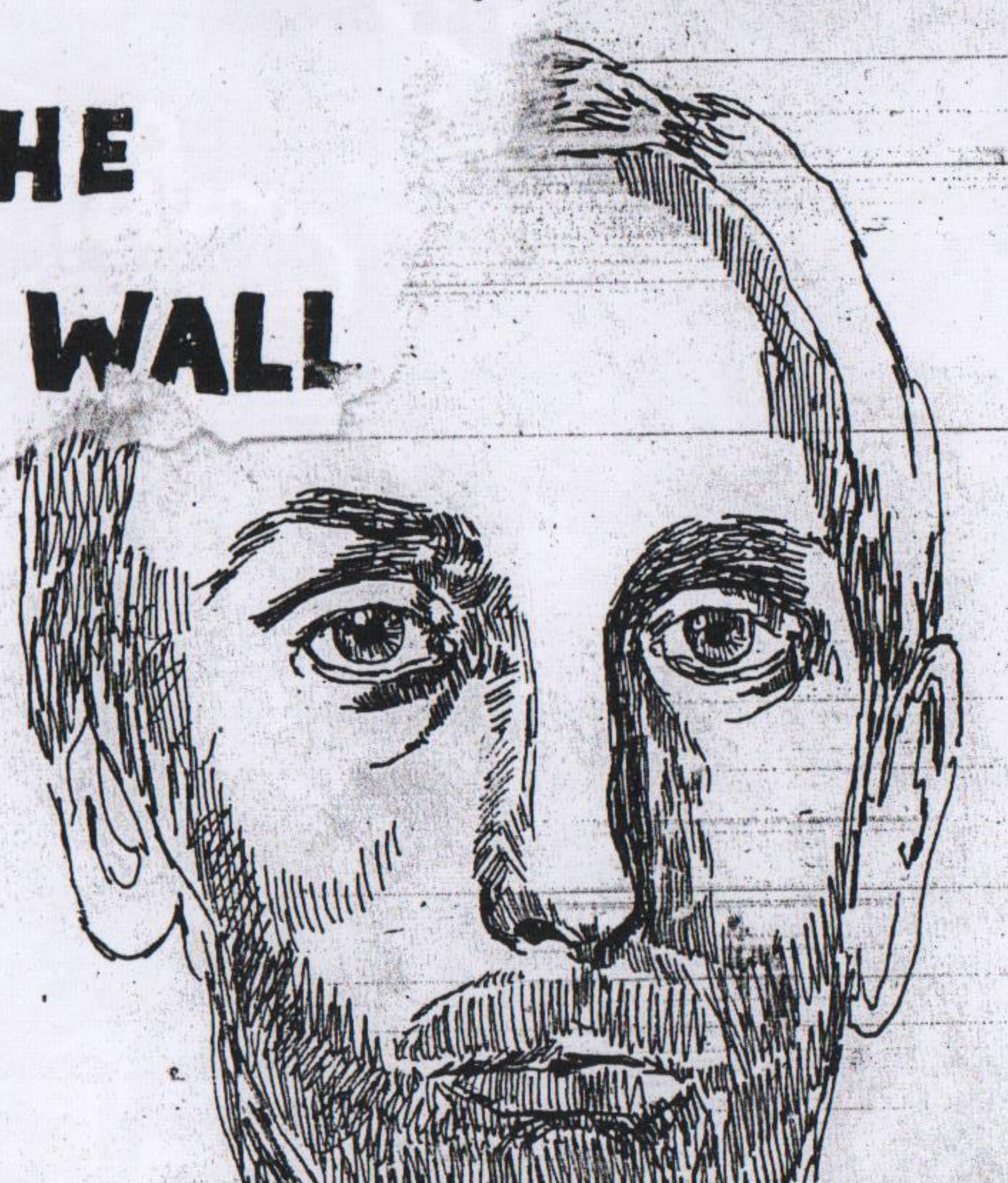
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Manhattan Loft Corporation Ltd

Project Leader
Andy Smith
07736 101977 wreckers vandals criminals

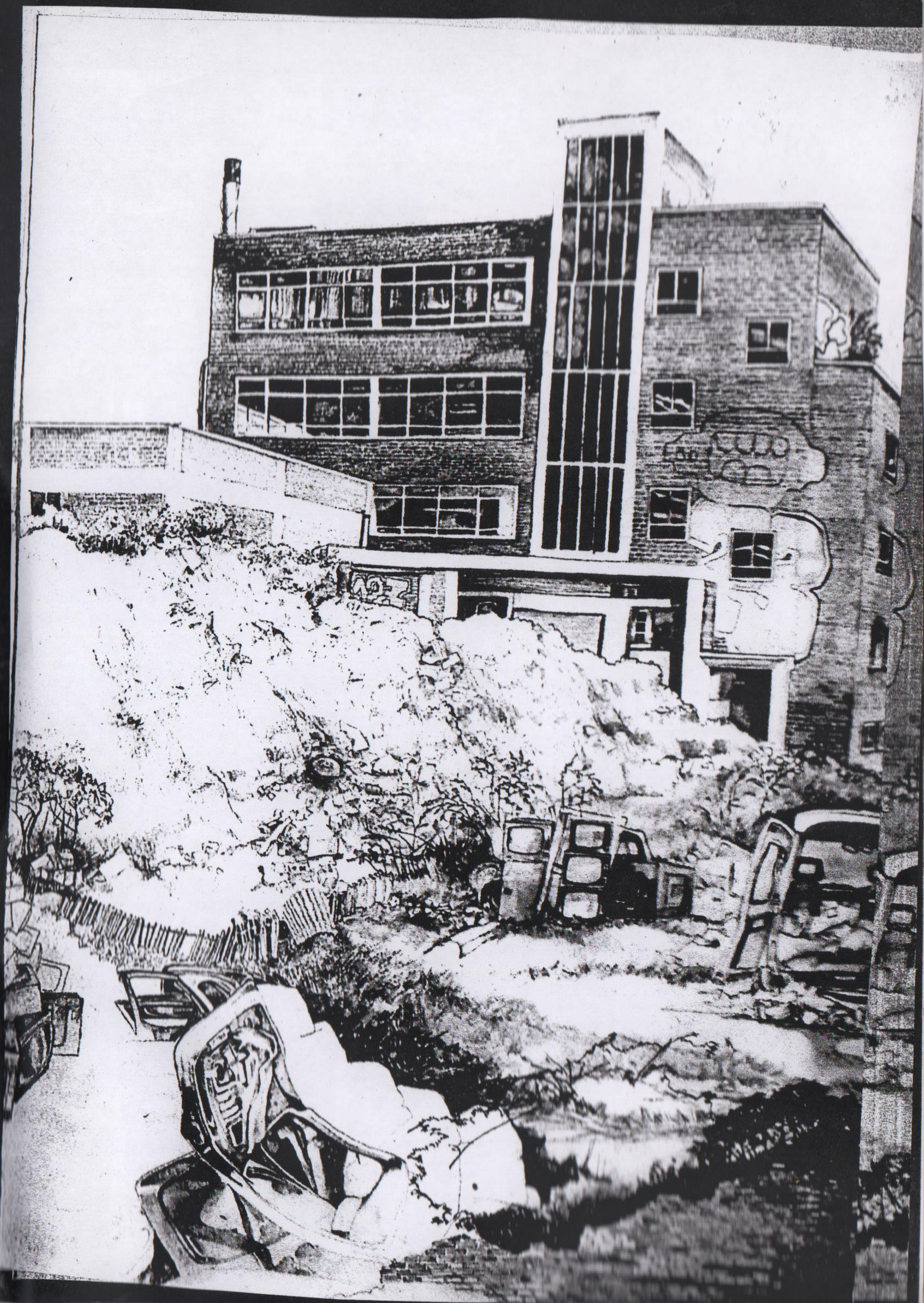
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Laing O'Rourke Ltd

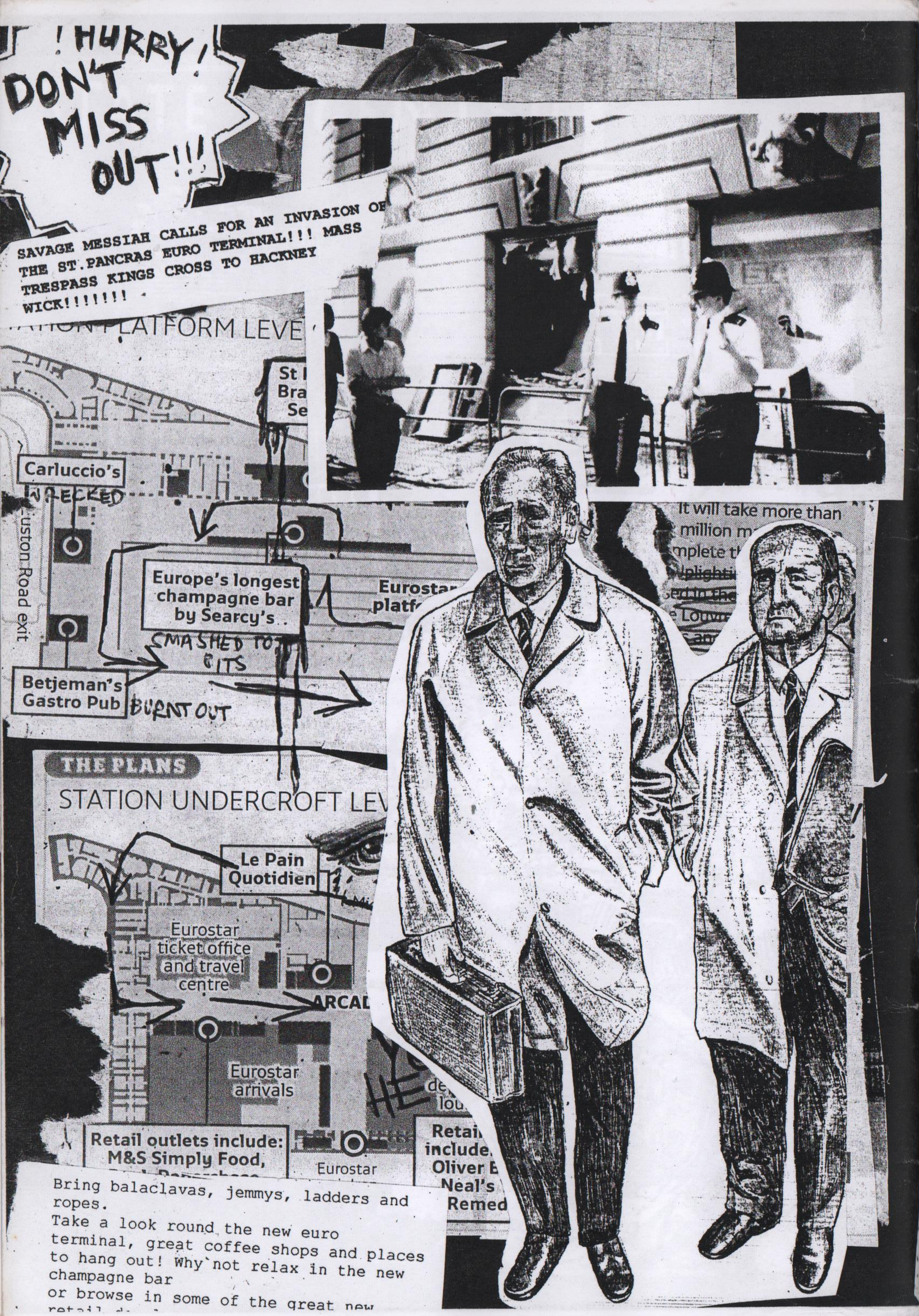
Local Authority
London Borough of Camden
what a fuckin joke

UP AGAINST THE SOUTH FACING WALL



THAT USED TO BE MY LOCAL!




!HURRY! DON'T MISS OUT!!!
SAVAGE MESSIAH CALLS FOR AN INVASION OF THE ST.PANCRAS EURO TERMINAL!!! MASS TRESPASS KINGS CROSS TO HACKNEY WICK!!!!!!!!
STATION PLATFORM LEVE
Carluccio's
WRECKED
Europe's longest champagne bar by Searcy's
SMASHED TO BITS
Betjeman's Gastro Pub
BURNT OUT
Euston Road exit
Eurostar platf
It will take more than million m
THE PLANS
STATION UNDERCROFT LEV
Le Pain Quotidien
Eurostar ticket office and travel centre
ARCAD
Eurostar arrivals
Retail outlets include: M&S Simply Food,
Eurostar
Retai include Oliver B Neal's Remed
Bring balaclavas, jemmys, ladders and ropes.
Take a look round the new euro terminal, great coffee shops and places to hang out! Why not relax in the new champagne bar or browse in some of the great new

Bow, E3
Heated flooring
Bow, E3
SAVAGE MESSIAH
ICE APARTMENTS
WOOLNERS WAY
STEVENAGE
LAUNCHING SOO
238 one and two bedroo apartments and penthou set within a cosmopolita development close to Stevenage town centre.
ULTRA VIOLENCE
RIOTS!
CAT
cuddle me & I will purr
but, if you pull my tail, I'll hiss
LENCE, MOB VENGEANCE, MOB RULE!
Laminated flooring
Open plan living/kitchen
Security entry phone system
Walking distance to Mile End park
Close to Mile End tube
Bow, E3